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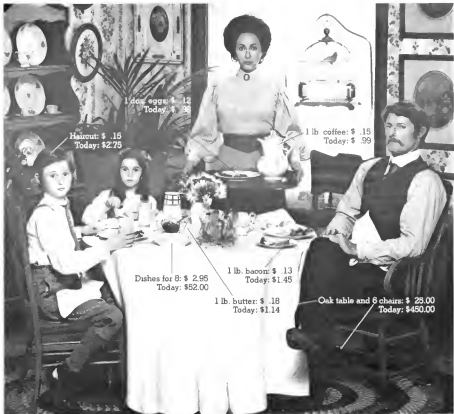
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Next week

WITHOUT RESERVATION, the Indians find winning wondrous. Gaylord Perry and a tribe of young hitters have put them in unaccustomed contention. Ron Fennir reports.

WOMEN IN SPORT—a progress report by Bill Gilbert and Nancy Williamson, updating their prize-winning series. The findings: important changes have come in just one year.

ABOUT THREE BRICKS shy of a load, that pretty much sums up the 1973 Steelers. Ray Blount Jr., who lived with the team for six months, presents a unique view of pro life.

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BOOKTALK

The tennis babies who managed to come a long way now detail their progress

In the more than slightly bizarre world of contemporary professional sport—a world of fast bucks, tax write-offs, media campaigns and manufactured superstars—one of the hottest tickets in recent years has been women's tennis. Coming almost out of nowhere, the women have marched past the men (bearing bouquets at Bobby Riggs as they did so) in attracting media attention and public interest.

So it was a cinch that the faddish publishing industry was going to get on the bandwagon, and it has, but the happy surprise is that it has done so with two books several orders above the ordinary level of the genre: *A Love War*, by Grace Lichtenstein (Morrow, \$6.95), and *Billie Jean*, by Billie Jean King with Kim Chaplin (Harper & Row, \$6.95).

The books complement each other nicely. Lichtenstein's is a chatty, gossipy, balanced account by an experienced *New York Times* reporter of how women's tennis zoomed into the big time and how "a new breed of career women . . . [were] carving out a place in what, throughout history, had been strictly a man's world—that of the sports superstar." The King-Chaplin collaboration has resulted in an unusually candid sports autobiography, as sassily outspoken as its subject and filled with the excitement and tension of big-league tennis.

Lichtenstein's book is subtitled "Behind the Scenes in Women's Pro Tennis," and the ascription is not exaggerated. The author followed the women's tour through the 1973 season, which was climaxed by Billie Jean's trouncing of Bobby Riggs in the Astrodonc extravaganza, and she was able to get close enough to the players to convey a sense of the kind of people they are and the kind of life they lead.

Herself a front-line feminist, Lichtenstein was nevertheless disturbed initially to discover that the players "were jocks first—women second," but as she got to know them better she came to like and respect them. "They didn't know much about feminism on an intellectual level, but in their gut they had the rest of us beat two sets to love." That, she says, is because they are dedicated professionals, intensely self-disciplined athletes and skilled entertainers—women who are making it in a tough, demanding world.

They have had to be tough to attain the stature they now have. In 1970 eight women broke away from the pro tour in protest against prize money unfairly distributed between women and men, and signed up with Gladys Heldman for what was to become

the Virginia Slims circuit. Establishing that tour was hard work, but it ended with thumping success in 1973, when a treaty was reached with the USLTA.

If these women are firm-willed professionals, they are also vulnerable human beings, with the predictable physical difficulties (everything from trick knees to menstrual cramps), sex lives (quite active in some cases but not, rumor to the contrary, wildly lesbian), and petty jealousies (the sudden prominence and china-doll good looks of Chris Evert have not enhanced her popularity within the sisterhood).

Lichtenstein portrays them all, both the stars and the second-liners, with sympathy and understanding, but she focuses on Billie Jean, whom she describes as "a racquet-bearing Wonder Woman leading the Amazons." There is no doubt, Lichtenstein makes clear, that the current triumphs of women's tennis are Billie Jean's: her vigorous leadership and incessant prodding forced her fellow professionals into a militancy they might not otherwise have achieved, after which she clinched the deal for them by taking Mr. Riggs to the cleaners.

And Billie Jean knows it. She makes an attempt or two at modesty in her own book, but she is refreshingly willing to acknowledge her central role. Of the Riggs match she writes, "Sure, the match grabbed everybody, but people had been reacting to me very strongly long before that. It began, really, about the end of 1971, after the Virginia Slims circuit had been under way for almost a year. Women especially started to look up to me then. I think because they realized how much the tour and I had fought to get where we were."

The fight exacted its toll of her, as fights do. She exhausted herself on "tennis, interviews, promotion; tennis, interviews, promotion." Her marriage has had its serious strains. She concedes that she and her husband Larry came close to separating toward the end of last year, and that three years ago she had an abortion, "A decision I've never regretted," but one that caused no little awkwardness when she inadvertently let it become public knowledge.

Implicitly agreeing with Lichtenstein, Billie Jean acknowledges that she is no firebrand on women's rights. "When it comes to Women's Lib, I'm pretty much of a pragmatist, and I'd bet that most other women are too. . . . To me, Women's Liberation means that every woman ought to be able to pursue whatever career or personal life-style she chooses as a full and equal member of society without fear of sexual discrimination."

When you come right down to it, that is not a bad definition of what Women's Lib is all about. And Billie Jean King and her rivals on the court have clearly succeeded in exemplifying it.

JONATHAN YARDLEY

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ROLEX



SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH FLEGG

STRIKING THOUGHTS

No strike that inconveniences people, whatever its merits, gathers much public support. The town garbage man may let him refuse to pick up our garbage in order to draw attention to his plight and even ordinarily compassionate people can become hard-line social Darwinists overnight.

When the strikers who threaten to inconvenience us are young, healthy, not in the least oppressed-looking, and are averaging \$40,000 a year in pay and benefits, the natural tendency of the man in the street is to ask, "Plight? What plight?"

That, if a handful of man-in-the-street interviews are meaningful, is just what the fans are howling about the NFL Players Association and its three-week-old strike against the NFL owners. Their exasperation merely increased with the cancellation of the College All-Star game and the accompanying loss to a Chicago charity of some \$212,000. However, in the resultant barrage of owner outrage, a few facts were obscured. 1) For years the owners themselves have attempted to do away with the game because a number of top rookies have been injured in it; 2) the Miami Dolphin players would have made more than \$230,000 if they had participated in the game, which exceeds the princely sum the Chicago *Tribune* donated to charity last year; and 3) the NFLPA is promising \$106,000 to compensate Chicago's needy.

And the times may be a-changin'. As Phil Pepe of the N.Y. *Daily News* pointed out the other day to a hot and discouraged picket at Hofstra University, site of the New York Jets' training camp, the secret to reversing the tide of public opinion is merely for the players "to sit back quietly and wait for the voices of management to do it for them."

To wit:

Wellington Mara of the New York Giants, to the Giant rookies: "If the veterans don't show up, we will play it with

the rookies. And if you walk out, we would conduct a tryout camp tomorrow and do the best we can."

Joe Robbie, Miami's managing general partner, in a press release: "This is no longer a strike in the ordinary sense. It is now a mission by the players' association to search and destroy.... Charity is the innocent victim... killed in the cross fire on the streets."

We can only hope that this sort of verbal overkill is just bargaining-table macho and that behind a closed door somewhere, somebody is talking sense to somebody.

TOAD HAUL

Australians, who dealt summarily with the bad manners of an aging American crooner recently, are having a bit more trouble with some cane toads that escaped from the home of a Darwin biology teacher two weeks ago. A cane toad is eight inches long, eats cigarette butts, which is all right, Ping-Pong balls, which isn't, squirts a powerful poison that can kill dogs, cats and pegs, which is bad, and lays 20,000 eggs a year, which is awful.

Of the 13 toads that got away, eight have been found and the remaining five are being tracked through the Darwin suburbs by a team of wildlife officials who play tape recordings of toady mating calls. Should that ruse fail, they could always try *My Way*.

LOVE GAME

What more is to be said about the matter of girls playing organized baseball with boys? Well, face up to it: in Clay, W. Va. a battery may be in love.

Recently, 11-year-old Bunny Taylor (Sl, July 1) pitched a no-hitter in Clay against an all-boy team. "I felt real happy," Bunny said afterward. "The boys on the other team were saying things, calling me a monkey, but I ignored it. The boys on my team were proud of me."

Fair enough. But listen to what Bunny's mother said. "I think a couple of

the boys on the team have a crush on her, especially the catcher, Robert Junior Murphy. You can see her grinning when she starts to pitch. She'll grin at him, and he'll grin at her. After the game Bunny will say, 'That Robert Junior, he just tickles me to death.'"

Well, why not? It was inevitable. And after all, Robert Junior Murphy is a good name for a ballplayer. So is Bunny Taylor.

But what is going to happen when girls start playing in leagues for slightly older kids? Perhaps the following:

Catcher grins.

Pitcher doesn't.

Catcher calls time and goes out to the mound. "What's the matter?" he says.

"Nothing's the matter," she replies.

"Yes there is, something's the matter," he says. "Did I do something?"

"Nothing's the matter," the pitcher insists, but the catcher can tell, he knows her moods; there's something, and



the conference on the mound continues.

Whatever changes baseball goes through, none of them ever seem to speed up the game.

PAT SOLUTION

"God blew it when he gave us grass" was the wry observation of SI writer Dan Jenkins at the conclusion of the first college football game ever played on Tartan Turf. That was on Sept. 14, 1968, in Knoxville, Georgia vs. Tennessee, 17-17.

continued

Now, only six years later, there is a school of thought that holds God was semi-right after all.

Two agronomists at Purdue University, Professor William H. Daniel and Superintendent of Athletic Facilities Mel Robey, have developed a way to grow real turf for football fields while at the same time eliminating some of the climatic hazards that made artificial turf desirable in the first place. They have patented their system, called it Prescription Athletic Turf (PAT) and sold franchise rights to a company in Lansing, Mich.

In the meantime they are giving PAT a full-scale test in Purdue's Ross-Ade Stadium. First the 62,000-square-foot field was excavated to a depth of 16 inches. Then a plastic cover was set in place. Four suction lines, running the length of the field, and drainage lines, running crosswise, were laid on top of the plastic. The entire excavation was then filled with sand. The suction lines were hooked up to larger lines at one end of the field, which in turn were connected to two suction pumps. The pumps, located under the stands and capable of removing 25,000 gallons an hour, empty rainwater into a catch basin. It all means solid footing, no matter what the weather.

PAT's other feature is heating cable, buried six inches in the sand, to keep the grass warm and growing when the weather turns chill late in the season. Finally, over this vast network, 7,000 square yards of Warren's A-20 bluegrass sod were laid—"a dwarf variety and very vigorous," says Robey.

The cost of the Purdue project was \$125,000, or \$2 a square foot, half as much as most artificial turf costs these days. PAT cannot be called a replacement for artificial turf in that it may not hold up under, say, a full football season, 50 soccer games, 200 band practices and assorted other events. Its investors see it rather as an alternative, one that will improve the quality of Purdue football.

With a little help from some friends, God and green grass are making a comeback in Indiana.

OH, HENRY!

There is no more vengeful foe than an offended soccer fan, and if you are a diplomat of a neutral nation (soccerwise) watching the World Cup matches in Germany (page 26), you had better be sure you are seen cheering for both sides, or not cheering at all.

Mr. Diplomacy himself, Henry Kissinger, rooted for Holland against Brazil in their semifinal match in Dortmund and two days later found himself denounced in Rio's *Jornal do Brasil*. Columnist Zozimo Barrozo do Amaral compared his attitude most unfavorably to that of Pelé, also a spectator, describing Kissinger as "dressed in a drab \$20 raincoat—probably bought at Macy's" and looking "like a raggedly clad detective straight out of an American movie."

Almost a week later Zozimo was still burning. One of Kissinger's sins, he wrote, was "to cheer openly and noisily for the Dutch team." Another, even noted in the news columns, was Kissinger's admitting he knew little about soccer. However, Zozimo was able to conclude triumphantly that Kissinger must have repented his rudeness because, at a later game and in the company of the Brazilian ambassador to Bonn, he had "made a point of being courteous and affable."

That's our Henry. Courteous, affable and impulsive. At the conclusion of the final match between Holland and West Germany in Munich, he was observed exchanging shirts with his game companion, the German foreign minister.

Probably bought at Macy's.

SO IT GOES

The sun has finally set on one of the most durable symbols of empire, one that has withstood war, revolution and Sportface. World Championship Tennis is informing its players as they sign up for the 1975 circuit that anyone appearing in a WCT tournament wearing a white shirt will be fined \$250.

BUGABOO

Most people go to North Bay, Ontario for the fishing, which has been especially good this year thanks to a damp spring that produced more than the usual number of flying insects.

What is good for fishing, however, is not necessarily ideal for softball. For the first time in the history of the Gateway Major Fastball Association a game has been called on account of mosquitoes. Bruce Office Supply was leading the Canadian Forces Base Falcons 9-0 after four innings when darkness descended and the lights went on. Immediately, swarms of mosquitoes and shad flies rose from the shallow waters of Lake Nipissing and began to gather, first

around the lights, then around players, coaches, spectators and the umpire. For an inning everybody gave it a try, writhing and slapping, unable to get signs of any kind. Finally, in the top of the sixth, Umpire Harvey Allen, noting through a break in the clouds that the spectators had all gone home anyway, called the game and gave the win to Bruce Office. The evening went to the insects, and the blame, or credit if you wish, to the Resources Ministry, which had abandoned spraying this year as being ecologically unsound.

ON TO THE HOUSE

The Turnney sports bill is halfway home. It passed the Senate last week, after seven hours of debate, by a vote of 62-29. The measure, which is an amalgam of several bills that emerged from Commerce Committee hearings on the state of amateur athletics in this country, creates and funds a five-member Amateur Sports Board and empowers it to charter organizations to represent the U.S. in international competition.

Obviously, the bill cuts the power of the AAU off at the knees by limiting the number of sports that can be controlled by a single organization to one (or at the most three when it can be demonstrated that the other two would benefit from common administration). Right now the AAU governs 11 international sports and has voting control over all 26 sports that come within the purview of the U.S. Olympic Committee.

Under the terms of the bill, the status of the NCAA is unaltered except in one important respect—it cannot arbitrarily prohibit athletes from competing in open events. Such prohibitions have been the NCAA's primary weapon in its long power struggle with the AAU.

Danger lurks everywhere. A government-appointed bureaucracy could turn out to be even less competent than the present one; the AAU could choose a disruptive course; the International Olympic Committee could refuse to recognize the newly chartered organizations; the unramoral squabbling between the existing organizations could expand to include a number of new combatants.

Despite the hazards, however, a fan's inclination might now be to root for the bill in the House of Representatives, if only because there is a chance that its passage will finally bring to an overdue

continued



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RE HABLE ESPAÑOL

In a recent game between the Kansas City Royals and the Oakland Athletics, Cookie Rojas tagged Bert Campaneris of the A's, then dropped the ball. Umpire Armando Rodriguez called Campaneris safe. Rojas claimed he held the ball long enough for Campaneris to be called out. Jack McKeon, Kansas City manager, joined the argument. After the game he was asked what happened. "How would I know," he said. "They were all talking Spanish."

STANDING OFFER

After nine years of being very gainfully employed, the great French trotting mare Une de Mai, winner of \$1,851,424, went home to Bouce, France this week to await the arrival of her first foal, an event that has been planned for five years. Back in 1969 Une de Mai beat Neville Pride, America's record holder for the mile (1:54.3), in the Roosevelt International. Neville Pride's owners, the Slusky family from Ellenville, N.Y., were so impressed they promised a free stud service from their stallion when Une de Mai was ready to retire. The mare's owner, Count Pierre de Montesson, decided this was the year to collect.

THEY SAID IT

- Fred Patek, 5'4" Kansas City shortstop, asked how it feels to be the smallest player in the major leagues: "It feels a helluva lot better than being the smallest player in the minor leagues."
- Braulio Baeza, whose mound finished nine lengths behind the phenomenal filly Ruffian, asked what he thought of her: "I don't think I just chose. I could cut through the infield and she still beat me."
- Richie Zisk, Pittsburgh Pirate outfielder, after hitting two home runs off Houston's Claude Osteen: "He made two mistakes. The first was a slider that didn't slide. The second was a curve that didn't curve."
- Derek Sanderson, on a possible conflict between his style and that of his new coach, the New York Rangers' Emile Francis: "The Cat is coming around a bit. He wore a striped shirt to one game last season, and I told him if he grows a mustache I'll buy him some platform shoes."

END



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Sports Illustrated

JULY 22, 1974

GARY PLAYER'S EXPO

Capping a personal tour de force on a funny old course in a tacky old music-hall town, the little South African slugged back at the winds, knocked down par and ran off with his third British Open **by DAN JENKINS**



Every time the British Open golf championship tried to keep up with its carnival surroundings last week, Gary Player put it back down with some of the finest shotmaking of his career. And by Saturday evening on the Lancashire coast, when the town of Blackpool was given over once again to the old-fashioned sounds of its music halls and amusement rides, there was nothing to do but marvel at what an amazing little

athlete the South African truly is. The British Open was not a tournament this time, it was a Gary Player exposition.

Player did absolutely everything so well on a funky sort of golf course called Royal Lytham and St. Annes that he led all the way and wound up winning by four strokes, even though he bogeyed the last two holes and found himself in some pretty absurd postures in the process. By then Player had whipped Lytham and St.

Annes and everybody else so thoroughly that he forced a reevaluation of his place in golf.

In several ways this was a milestone victory for Player. Lytham was his third British Open win, his eighth major championship and it lifted him into that special category of competitors who have captured two major titles in a single year, for of course Player had earlier won the Masters.

continued

So let's see now. Eight major championships, huh? That happens to put him in a sixth-place tie with Arnold Palmer, and since one of Palmer's titles was a U.S. Amateur, it means that Player has actually taken more professional majors than Palmer. The leaders rank this way: Nicklaus 14, Jones 13, Hagen 11, Hogan and a turn-of-the-century Englishman named John Ball 9, Player and Palmer 8, Vardon, Snead and Sarazen 7.

Player for some time was considered the third part of what used to be called The Big Three—Palmer, Nicklaus and Player. With Player always last. Then when Lee Trevino came along and Gary went a while without winning one of the biggies, he was out of the club. But starting with the PGA in 1972, Player has taken three more major championships, and he looks good enough, tough enough, confident enough and even young enough at 37 to suggest that he can keep it up for a few more years.

"People have always called me the best golfer of those who traveled all over the world," Player said at Lytham. "What I've worked so hard to become is one of the best golfers in the world, period."

He was that, and more, at Lytham. Fit as always and remarkably confident, he shot rounds of 69, 68, 75 and 70 for 282, and simply wouldn't allow anyone to beat him. "I'm playing the best golf of my life," he said—not that he hasn't said the same a hundred other times. But what he added was not so familiar, and probably right: "I've never been as well prepared. I can't believe anyone else is as ready for this as I am—or wants it as badly."

The only other person who might have been was Player's caddy, the inimitable Alfred Dyer, he of the plantation hat. Known as Rabbit, he started off the week getting as many headlines as Player and signing as many autographs. He was the first black caddy in the British Open. That's one thing. The other thing was, the British thought Rabbit was funny.

"My man complains a lot," said Rabbit one day. "I just stick some paper in my ears, and say, 'Don't gimme no yive, bubby,' and I make him laugh, loosen him up." Rabbit occasionally caddies for Player in the States but never abroad. "He's the best caddy I've ever had," Gary said. "He knows distances and he knows me."

Rabbit was joined at Lytham by perhaps the strongest group of Americans

ever entered in a British Open, but none of them could ever quite figure out the course or the wind. Well, for one fleeting moment in the third round, Jack Nicklaus did go birdie, birdie, eagle while the South African hit his first bad patch of the tournament. But Lytham's tough holes are on the back nine, and Nicklaus' charge was halted coming in with a double bogey and two bogeys.

Player was the only one who managed to avoid any major tragedies on the back side, and he was again three strokes in front by the time everybody was required by tradition to play a final 18 holes. In that last round, Player birdied the first two holes and then drilled a two-iron onto the par-5 6th green. It dribbled up to within seven feet of the cup to set up an eagle 3 and it was checkout time, folks. Neither Nicklaus nor the Englishman Peter Oosterhuis, the closest challengers could ever get within three strokes in the closing round.

True luxury was Player being able to bogey the 15th hole, then bogey the 17th, then hit a four-iron up against the Royal Lytham and St. Annes clubhouse wall and take a left-handed swipe at the ball with a putter, and then two-putt from eight feet for the world's oldest championship.

Everything exciting about this championship had occurred hours and days before, most notably two splendid controversies involving the rules of golf that furnished at least some background putter to the tunes Player was strumming with his irons. First came one of those personality clashes between an American and a Scot, the kind you sometimes get in Ryder Cup play. It was a question of honesty, as America's Hubert Green saw it. And it was a question of somebody not minding his own business, as Scotland's Bernard Gallacher saw it.

During Thursday's second round the two of them were paired with a highly frustrated Lee Trevino—he had shot a 79 the day before—and at the 3rd hole Trevino asked Gallacher to mark his ball, which was just off the edge of the green. Gallacher did so. But a few minutes later, as they were walking toward the next tee, Green told Gallacher he didn't particularly like the message Gallacher had given the ball as he held it.

"Rubbish," said Gallacher. "I was just holding it in my hand. What business is it of yours?"

"Well, I'm keeping your card," Green

said. "And I think I'll leave that hole blank until we get in." Gallacher was outraged, even though Green finally consented to pencil in a par 4, which is what Gallacher had made. Green was embarrassed about the incident. "I'm sorry he's sore," he said. "I gave him the 4 but I'm still not sure he knows the rules."

A day later the question came up as to whether the R & A itself knew very much about the rules. This was when South African Dale Hayes played a "phantom" round, a 73 that will never be recorded in the books because he wasn't, *ex post facto*, supposed to be competing at all. On Thursday, Hayes, who was in the company of Nicklaus, had lost a ball in the bushes on the 15th. After Hayes and Nicklaus spent the allowed time looking for it, Hayes gave up and strolled back down the fairway and dropped a provisional. But then Nicklaus found the first ball. Hayes picked up the one he had dropped and went to play the first ball. In that instant he violated a well-known rule of golf: once you drop a provisional, that is the ball in play.

It was not until the next day, after Hayes had finished his third round, that the R & A decided he should have a four-stroke penalty: two for playing the wrong ball, one for touching his ball, or something like that—it was not altogether clear—and a fourth stroke, arbitrarily, just for being dumb, one presumed. In any case, it meant that with all those penalty strokes for the second round Hayes had missed the cut and never should have played the third round.

This muddling seemed to fit in perfectly with the circus atmosphere of the unique town of Blackpool. Of all the venues for the British Open, Blackpool, on the Irish Sea, must surely be the funniest. Mairfield near Edinburgh is classy and St. Andrews is ancient and Carnoustie is properly somber, but Blackpool is a goofy bingo parlor/music hall/roller coaster gathering place for mill workers and their families.

The fact that the Royal Lytham and St. Annes golf club happened to turn up there one day late in the 19th century at the end of Blackpool's three-tier promenade was due to the fact that the barons of Manchester wanted a course on the sea. So there it sits today, surrounded by homes built of "lively brick," tumbling along over the Lancashire sandhills, meandering through the scrub willow, hard by the railway tracks that

seem to mark all of Britain's classic courses and frequently lashed by winds off the cold, oatmeal-colored Irish Sea.

With the British, Royal Lytham is the least favorite of all the Open sites, largely because of Blackpool itself, but there were enough people in town to support everything, from the shows on the piers to the gigantic amusement park in the heart of town to all of the postcard-bingo-rock-andy-fortune-teller-fish and chips-disco-casino places, as well as the British Open itself. It merely drew a record 90,625 over four days.

Although Bobby Jones won the first Open held at Lytham, in 1926, and the other four winners have been men of substance—Bobby Locke, Peter Thomson, Bob Charles and Tony Jacklin—the course has suffered, at least until last week, a reputation of being one that fails to bring out the best golf from the best players.

Certainly, it has a bizarre layout. It is surely the only course ever to hold a major championship that begins with a par-3 hole. It is also the only one anybody can think of that concludes with six consecutive par-4s. But it was precisely these last holes, all of which had to be played in head winds and crosswinds, that provided most of the tournament's drama and, in fact, settled the championship.

During the first two rounds when the winds blew the hardest, Player appeared to be the only golfer at all capable of handling Lytham. His 69 the first day was managed despite a double bogey at the long, cruel 17th, and his 68 on the second day just might have been one of the finest rounds he has ever played. He pulled that off despite a couple of painful lies on the toughest holes in the toughest gales.

There he is way out in the gorse and garbage of the par-4 17th, where he had made the double bogey the day before. He's about 100 yards from the hole in 2, and the wind is howling. But Player does something miraculous with an eight-iron, punching it blindly into the teeth of the wind, bouncing it over the sandhills, and the ball creeps up to within six inches of the flag.

Now he comes to the 18th, where the drive sort of has to fit into a space about the size of a discount store aisle. He hits into the rough and is faced with a six-iron toward seven bunkers and the Lytham clubhouse, a green with hardly any entrance at all—and in a bitter cross-

wind. So he gouges the shot up there about three feet from the cup for a birdie.

This gave Player a 4-3 finish on a day in which most in the field were going 6-5, and also left him with a whopping five-stroke lead through 36 holes or, to get downright historic about it, the largest lead anyone had held in the championship at the halfway point in 40 years.

Things continued along in that unprecedented fashion, rather as Player thought they might. He has been in a rare, immensely confident mood all year, one that sometimes borders on the mystic. He declares, for example, that with what he has discovered in his swing and in his head, it is now impossible for him to hit

a wild hook. "I'm almost in a trance," he said not long ago, while refusing to shake hands with friends. "I feel I've got tremendous power within myself now. I don't want to shake hands too often because I don't want to transmit my power to someone else."

So, from black clothes to black magic. What else but this incredible faith in himself, in his destiny, can explain how he could so completely conquer Royal Lytham and St. Annes? And it was, as well, the best thing that ever could have happened to the humorous old place, because there certainly couldn't be too much wrong with a golf course that produces Gary Player as the winner. **END**

On the 72nd, the hapless champion was forced to use a left-handed approach with putter.



JUDGED IN THE WORLD'S COURT

And found wanting on the final day at San Juan was the U.S., which was zapped by a surprise Soviet weapon

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

The world amateur basketball championships otherwise known in the mellifluous chirping Spanish of Puerto Rico as Mundobasket '74, made an auspicious debut in San Juan just by starting. Then the tournament upset all forecasts by ending, and on schedule. Considering the storied preoccupation of the local citizenry with *muñeco*, both occurrences were regarded as landmarks.

In between there were something like 80 or 800 or 8,000 contests among 14 teams played over a period of 12 days and the opportunity to pick up a few international impressions: that Argentinians fall down and play dead a lot; that Cubans are still surly but no longer throw chairs; that Canada is improving, Czechoslovakia degenerating and Spain is the Real Madrid. In addition the games showed that the U.S.S.R., and Yugoslavia can put on the very first all-non-black basketball match of any consequence and that Puerto Rico can mess up organizational politics and fast breaks as easily as its hotels can lose your phone calls.

Finally, that the best-kept secret in international circles is not what is on the missing tapes, but who will be the next Soviet mystery man to destroy America's credibility as hoops' top dog.

Sunday afternoon it turned out to be 25-year-old Alexander Salnikov, who came off the bench for Russia to score 38 points and single-handedly defeat a young United States team that never knew what hit it.



The final result, a solid 105-94 victory for the U.S.S.R., was achieved with a little help from the referees who fouled out three of the U.S. big men, but it was in no way a robbery. When the championship of these games was for the taking during the last four minutes, it was the U.S.S.R., or rather Salnikov, who rose up and snatched it.

"Salnikov, my surprise trick!" said So-

viet Coach Vladimir Kondrashin. And the 6'4" medical student from Kiev was certainly that to a U.S. team which figured it had settled the tournament on Saturday with a 91-88 victory over Yugoslavia.

In the round-robin competition, that triumph left Coach Gene Bartow's crew with the only undefeated record, since the Yugoslavs had previously defeated Rus-

Red tassels flying, Ticky Burden has an easy layup in the war against Yugoslavia. Former Brigham Young star Kresimir Cosic is No. 11.

su 82-79. But the Americans had been coasting in preparation for the two important games at the end of the tournament. One heater-skelter affair, in which everything fell right for them, was one thing. A second straight pressure-filled contest was too much.

The time has long since passed when the U.S. can yawn through this type of competition, and the way John Lucas of Maryland, Quinn Buckner, Indiana's two-sport star, and Luther (Ticky) Burden of Utah went about their tasks in backcourt demonstrated that they and their mates were serious enough. Until Sunday the tournament belonged to Lucas, for he was the heart and soul of the American effort as well as the team's scoring leader and crowd-pleaser. Lucas and Buckner directed the attack and caused trouble on defense, and the marvelous Ticky kept entering frays from the bench to hurl in 30-footers while the red tassels on his Converse sneakers flapped in the tropical breeze. "Parade shoes," is what Lucas called Burden's footwear. "The cat's got air vents and all kinda stuff," he said. "But when I see him come 'n' just ask: 'You warm, Dude?' Ticky shocks me when he misses."

"I get only 17 minutes playing time," said Burden, who favors the Billy Preston look in facial hair. "Got to throw it up while I can." While South Carolina's Tom Boswell battled the boards opposite the giant Yugoslav defending champions in the first pressure game, Ticky had to throw it up. Behind 50-41 at halftime and staggering in the face of Dragan Kizic's 18 points, the U.S. went to Burden and Lucas, and Burden finished with 27 points, a clear case of no Ticky, no washes.

"The U.S. team, they finally seem like fighting for country," said Yugoslav star Kresimir Cosic, as lucid as he was when he played at Brigham Young. "Always before they seem like playing for Gulf Oil or somebody."

Before the final crunch of the week-end what Lucas wanted most in the exchange of token gifts among the competitors was a shirt from the team representing the Central African Republic whom he kept referring to, ungeographically, as "the Ivory Coast brothers."

"The Ivory Coast brothers might as

well give up some shirts, they sure can't win no games," Lucas said, not exaggerating. With no man over 6'5" and limited technique, the CAR came close to victory only once, dropping an 87-86 decision to the even smaller Filipinos. More typical was CAR's 92-point loss (140-48) to the Soviets.

Other countries fared better. Canada, which is gearing up for the Montreal Olympics with "Game Plan '76," upset Czechoslovakia to gain the final round, only to lose three games there by a total of five points.

Spain had American-born Wayne Brabender (who led the tournament in scoring) from the Real Madrid Club, but its big men failed to shake the effects of diarrhea. Cuba had many of the same gentle fellows who attacked the U.S. team at the World Student Games in Moscow last summer. (This time the 83-70 U.S. victory went without incident.) And Puerto Rico had controversial Coach Armando Torres, in addition to several NCAA players from schools such as Duquesne and Jacksonville.

Alas, to the disappointment of the 7,500 capacity crowds at Coliseo Municipal Roberto Clemente, the host team won only twice in seven attempts. Torres, an *Independencia* who would like freedom from the U.S. and who is not partial to the neo-Ricans (Puerto Ricans living in the U.S.) who dominate the national team, clashed abrasively with his players. He took abuse from the press and local officials, too, and then the spectators got into the act. During one game Torres was approached on the bench by an emotional onlooker who was packing a .38. The police shuffled the spectator off the premises, but the coach needed a 10-man escort himself after his team lost to Brazil.

Brazil provided an excuse for dancing and conga-drum rhythms in the aisles. A Yugoslav coach kicked a ball into the box seats, an act for which he might have had his head handed to him had it not been for further police action. But the loudest ovation of the week was reserved for a transvestite who strolled the length of the floor in a black outfit with a white straw hat and an enormous oo monogrammed on his chest. The scene in the lobby of the Helio Isla Hotel, where the teams lived and took their meals together, was equally lively. There representatives of all languages, races and sweat-suit persua-

sions would congregate to watch television, play radios, hustle groupies, exchange patriotic pins and be interviewed by reporters and translators.

Attempts to talk to Soviet star Alexander Belov, however, were to no avail since, as translator Yuri Anisyan explained, "Before has been written things Alexandr not say." Coach Kondrashin, seemingly stoned to insouciance, revealed that the absence from the U.S.S.R. team of the tall Olympic Centers Sharmuchamedov and Dvorn was due to their "experiencing severe penalties." It was rumored the problems involved customs violations wherein the players smuggled "some woolens" into the Soviet Union.

In much the same fashion Kondrashin smuggled the lean, exciting Salmikov into the contest with the U.S. It was not that Salmikov was totally unknown. He had been bidding time in the tournament, averaging in double figures and having his name misspelled in press releases. Back home, he was the leading scorer for Stroitel of Kiev. Nevertheless, in San Juan he never started a game.

In the finale, however, he came bounding down the floor shooting his rockets on the dead run, and nobody could stop him. Salmikov scored 20 points in the first half as the U.S. kept pace for a 55-55 tie. Then he hit a layup off the opening tap of the second half, and Russia never looked back.

The Soviets moved to a five-point lead, 77-72, and when the U.S. kept grinding away, Salmikov was always there to score a basket or control a rebound. He led the game with 10 of those. Twice Virginia's Gus Gerard brought the Yankee side to within one point, but both times Salmikov scored from the corner for breathing room. Then, one by one the American big men exited on fouls—Rich Kelley of Stanford, Joe Meriweather of Southern Illinois and finally Tom Boswell. Only Lucas and Burden remained to make their valiant attempts.

With about 4:30 to go, Burden hit to cut the Soviet lead to 93-88. But again came Alex-on-the-Run to blast in a jumper and the Russians skillfully protected their margin the rest of the way.

Afterward the Russians threw their coach into the air several times in understandable ecstasy. It was fortunate Salmikov did not join this activity. The Soviet coach might have hurt himself falling through the net.

END



BALL THAT GLITTERS MAY BE GOLD

Drawing big crowds to its opening games, the World Football League could be a gift-edged investment for owners and players by JOE MARSHALL

The Reverend Hugh W. Agricola, rector of the Episcopal Church of the Advent in Birmingham, Ala., has on occasion delivered the invocation before games played by Bear Bryant's University of Alabama football team. The Reverend is a great believer in the Crimson Tide and he is not above suggesting in his invocations that the Bear's will be done and that Alabama be given the strength to destroy some hapless foe. Last week he was again in the center of Birmingham's Legion Field, although this time the Reverend was petitioning the Lord on behalf of the World Football League. Just before the opening kickoff of the Birmingham Americans-Southern California Sun game he prayed, "Grant to these teams who are meeting here for the first time the zeal, energy and ability to make a contest worthy of this Football Capital."

For some that seemed a lot to ask. Critics, and not only those with a proprietary interest in the NFL, say the WFL is "minor league" and that it won't survive to play a second season. Quality, of course, like ability, is a relative matter. The fact is that 53,231 people, not including the Bear, came out to Legion Field to see what they could see and stayed to cheer and stamp their feet as the hometown Americans shaded the Sun 11-7. Meanwhile, the Philadelphia Bell, which the league admits is its weakest franchise, attracted 55,000 people to JFK Stadium for a game with the Portland Storm. That figure included about 10,000 outright freebies and many others had tickets on some kind of discount deal, but the crowd was remarkable nevertheless, particularly since almost 34,000 were in attendance across the street, witnessing a baseball game between the Phillies and the Dodgers in Veterans Stadium. An announced 258,624 people turned out for the six WFL games in the opening week of action, an average of better than 43,000. Gary Davidson, the league's

founder, commissioner and chief optimist, admitted he was "awe-struck."

In Jacksonville on Thursday night 59,112 watched the local Sharks edge the New York Stars in the league's first nationally televised game. TV watchers—in New York nearly 25% of the somewhat meager summer audience tuned in, according to early surveys—were reminded again and again by the announcers of the former NFL people evident in the game. For instance, the Stars had, among others, Wide Receiver George Sauer, who caught a touchdown pass, Running Back Bob Gladieux, Defensive Lineman Gerry Philbin and Head Coach Babe Parilli. The WFL had been publicizing such defectors from the old league right along, but the impact of television dramatized it.

Not everything went swimmingly, of course. In Orlando, where the Florida Blazers eked out an 8-7 win over the Hawaiians, the stadium was small (14,000 seats had been added in a hurry to bring capacity to 28,000), the crowd was modest (18,625) and last-minute preparations understandably rushed. City inspectors did not declare the new bleachers safe and sound until the day of the game, and when the man welding the goalposts was asked if they were guaranteed, he answered facetiously, "Only until I drive my truck out of here." The Blazers also had bench trouble. They had to carry the ones in the dressing room out to the sidelines for the game. In Philadelphia, the Bell found the stadium ticket booths locked and had to drill the locks off. A Southern California Sun assistant coach went on a hotel bedcheck the night before the game with an airline stewardess in tow.

And there was one big disappointment—low scoring. Despite a series of rule changes designed to give the offense a boost, only two of the 12 teams scored more than 17 points and in four of the six games the two teams together scored

three touchdowns or fewer. At Jacksonville, Davidson accepted congratulations while mumbling, "I wish we'd get some more scoring." He'll get his wish. Defense always has the edge over offense early in the season, and few coaches took advantage of one new rule that offers the biggest advantage to the offense: allowing a player to be in motion toward the line of scrimmage before the snap of the ball—provided that he starts from inside the tight end, doesn't veer toward the line until outside the tight end and is at least one yard behind the line at the snap. Got it?

Despite the lack of points the fans seemed pleased, in good part because the home team won every game. Curiously, in the three games that matched a man with NFL coaching experience against

Notre Dame's Bob Gladieux was Star star



one without it, the have-nots won each time. Florida's margin of victory over the Hawaiians was the "action point," another innovation. Touchdowns in the WFL are worth seven points, and a team may run or pass—but not kick—from the 2½-yard line for an eighth point. Blazer Quarterback Bob Davis passed to Running Back Jim Strong for the winning point in a game that almost certainly would have been a 7-7 tie in the NFL. Chicago, which already has baseball's moody Dick Allen, gained another reluctant hero in Wide Receiver Jim Scott. Scott caught 10 passes in the Fire's 17-0 win over Houston but had jumped the team eight days before the opener and was not discovered until 6:30 on the morning of the game in a Gladeswater, Texas motel room.

Another instant star was Philadelphia Quarterback King Corcoran, a flamboyant type who had been cut from five NFL teams and sent packing with the satin sheets he sometimes brought along to training camp. Corcoran completed 21 of 38 passes for 227 yards and two touchdowns and skillfully directed a complicated multiple offense to a 33-8 stalling of the Portland Storm.

The game between Jacksonville and New York introduced an inviolate head coach, Baron (Bud) Asher, whose previous team was New Smyrna Beach (Fla.) High School. Asher, once an NFL scout, was hired by pro football's smallest owner, 5'2", 125-pound Francis Monaco, whose wife Douglas is the team vice-president. Asher was a municipal judge in New Smyrna Beach and currently owns a hotel in Daytona, but he says, "Either you're a football coach or you're not. My record shows I am. I can get the football players you need, and I can coach them to win."

His first win was a tribute to his coaching. The Sharks and the Stars, tied 7-7, were heading toward pro football's first regular-season overtime game—still another WFL departure—when Jacksonville's Ike Lasser blocked a punt with 2½ minutes to play. The Sharks' Rich Thomann scooped up the ball and ran it to the New York seven from where Jacksonville scored in two plays. After a post-game press conference (during which a grinning Asher held the diminutive Monaco in his arms like a groom carrying a bride across the threshold), the coach ex-



A famous benchwarmer in the NFL, fiery George Mera directed Birmingham's winning attack.

plained that the blocked punt resulted from a special rush he had installed specifically for the game. It seems that on a recent Saturday Asher had conducted a team workout in the morning, then boarded a plane to New York. He drove to a high school held out on Long Island where he bought a \$2 ticket and sat in the stands as New York scrimmaged Philadelphia. Noting a weakness in the Stars' blocking alignment on punts, he was back in Jacksonville that night devising ways to take advantage of it.

The best match-up of the opening week was in football-happy Birmingham, where the Reverend Agricola made it rather clear whose side he wanted the Lord to take. "May the Sun of California never go down upon the wrath of Americans," he further prayed.

Certainly the Lord seemed to be with Birmingham. Running Back Charlie Harraway, the ex-Redskin who is probably the Americans' highest-paid player, says, "The Birmingham opportunity answered a lot of prayers I have said about things in my life. It was meant for me to come here." Wide Receiver Dennis Homan says he was once a hell-raiser but no more. "How can you be a witness for Christ holding a beer in your hand?" he asks. "I poured all my booze out. I know

I got that garbage disposed drunk." Homan and teammate Denny Duron conducted nightly Bible readings at the team's training camp in Marion, Ala., where the team stayed until the day of the Sun game.

Nevertheless, would the good folks of Birmingham, who think Bear Bryant walks on water, support these parvenus? As one writer asked in *The Birmingham News*, "How can a dyed-in-the-wool Alabama fan root for somebody who once played for Ohio State or Nebraska?" Whether it was divine intervention or not, the Americans' only touchdown was scored on an interception by an Alabama graduate, Defensive Back Steve Williams (just as the star of Jacksonville's running attack was the University of Florida's Tommy Durrance).

With the good Lord going for them and the promised arrival next season of such NFL standouts as L.C. Greenwood, Ron Jessie, Jim Mitchell and Mike Montgomery not to mention Kenny Stabler from Oakland a year later—the Americans look like a good bet for the future, as does the WFL.

Bosus Birmingham Coach Jack Getta, "When Tampa and Seattle join the NFL in 1976, they'll be playing with our cuts."

END



THE ORANGE CLOCKWORK STOPS

Favored Holland scored a quick goal in the World Cup final but after that her timing was off and her attack wasn't ticking, as West Germany took control and wound up winning her second championship **by CLIVE GAMMON**

In Munich last week at the World Cup final, the hysterical roaring of more than 80,000 West Germans burst against the opalescent, bat-winged canopy of the Olympic stadium, as Johan Cruyff of Holland, world master of soccer, in possession of the ball far out in the right-hand corner of the field, sent it curling, head high, across the German goal-mouth. Sepp Maier, the goalie, lay sprawled hopelessly out of position. Running in, a blur of orange shirt, Johan Neeskens hit the ball truly with his forehead, sending it flashing toward the empty goal.

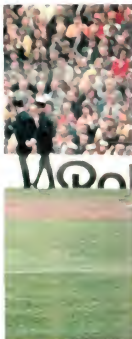
Only a miraculous materialization of the *Mausknecht Kindl*, the little girl dressed in the black-and-gold monk's habit who traditionally protects Munich in times of

distress, could save West Germany now, it seemed. Her tirade had been barely holding onto a 2-1 lead as the second half of the game slid away, and the Dutch, having found their rhythm at last, had mounted attack after attack. An equalizing goal and they would break through the dikes like the North Sea. And at this moment the Dutch fans, 3,500 of them lost in the vast stadium, must have lifted their orange flags at least halfway to the gray Munich sky.

Only halfway, though. The *Mausknecht Kindl* did intervene in the form of a creature powerfully physical and real. Paul Breitner, with his mad, black *Spatzenkopf* hair, hurtled in from nowhere, heading the ball away in the last millisecond. That was the sort of Dutch day

it was. In the last 20 minutes of the game Gerd Müller kept out a cannoning header from Wim Van Hanegem and blocked point-blank volleys from Neeskens that would have been sure goals on any ordinary day. In fact, the German defense was so hard-pressed that once, when a ball was booted clear of its half of the field, where 21 players were constantly operating, Jan Jongbloed, the Dutch goalie, alone in his half, felt secure enough to run out of his goal area and head the ball back.

But the Dutch assault was too late and too unlucky. The delirious chant, as the new golden globe trophy of world soccer was presented to Franz Beckenbauer, Germany's captain, was "Deutschland, Deutschland!" not "Holland, Holland!"



In the first minute Cruyff broke free at the German goal end and was tripped. The penalty kick gave Holland a lead that alerted her style.

The William Hill Organization, the London bookmaking firm, has already listed West Germany as 4-1 favorite to win the next World Cup, to be held in 1978 in Buenos Aires.

At the start of the Munich final Holland was a slight favorite to beat West Germany. The Dutch team had played superbly to reach the final, its 4-0 dismembering of Argentina being the classic of the series to that point. Much more important, though, it had something new to give to the sport, a joyful philosophy of attack that put to shame the defense-minded soccer that has bedeviled the game since the Italians first invented the *cattinaccio* technique, the chain of interlinked defenders whose foremost task is not to lose rather than to win.

For *cattinaccio* Holland substituted what was swiftly christened the Dutch Whirl. In the whirl, players seem to have no fixed positions. Nominally, Johan Neeskens plays as a striker, a front-runner, swooping in on the goal. Suddenly,

though, he has become a defenseman and before your very eyes somebody else, Wim Suurbier maybe, has left his home-goal area and is making surging runs down the flanks of the field and crossing balls for Cruyff or Rob Rensenbrink. That is an oversimplification, because other players have joined in the whirl as well. Cruyff has dropped back, Johnny Rep is operating midfield. To the confused spectator it seems as if some drunken square dance caller is throwing out instructions to change partners at a faster and faster rate. If you were a Brazilian or an Argentinian defenseman in this World Cup, it was even more confusing.

But there was more to the Dutch than the Whirl. On the field they were as big, as tough, as hard-tackling, sometimes as brutal, as any other team. But they were somehow heartwarming as well. Who could resist a team that lined up at the start of the game singing, clearly and with strong feeling, the words of its country's national anthem—the loudest singers being players who wore happy love beads over their orange shirts. For the whole world outside West Germany—and this was entirely unfair, because the German

continued

Beckenbauer, West Germany's captain, collides with Neeskens, who had scored for the Dutch.

And in all the Olympic stadium the only German in tears was Gunter Netzer, the blond midfield player of extraordinary skills, who was expected to play a major part in his team's title bid but who had only appeared for a short spell, as a substitute. He wept, according to the Munich paper *Süddeutsche Zeitung*, for a full 20 minutes, the time he had actually spent playing in the championship, in bitter regret at being left on the sideline in his country's greatest soccer hour.

It was the greatest hour because as the final whistle blew, West Germany became undisputed world leader in the game. Not only had she won the World Cup. Two years previously, with a team marginally better than this one, she had won the European Nations Cup, almost as prestigious as the World Cup. And her leading club team, Bayern München, with six players on the national squad, defeated Atletico de Madrid this year to win the European Champions Cup, virtually the world club championship.





WORLD CUP *continued*

players were brave and skilled and had a better record for clean play than any other team in the tournament—the Dutch were the guys in the white hats. They had spirit, they had guts and technically they were more accomplished than the Germans. They had to win.

There are several theories as to why they failed to do so, and the first involves a little World Cup history. In 1954 in Switzerland, the favorite was Hungary. The Hungarians were perhaps the finest team ever to appear on the world soccer stage, even if you include the Brazil of Pele. Hungary had the essential core of world-class players—Ferenc Puskas, Sandor Kocsis, Nandor Hidegkuti—and the previous winter had become the first foreign team ever to win on British soil, thrashing England 6-3 at Wembley. The Hungarians were the hottest favorites of all time in the World Cup.

In the quarterfinals, though, they met Brazil in what would become known as the Battle of Bern. Three players were sent off. The game was marked by scarcely controlled violence, which erupted again after the game when the Brazilians invaded the Hungarian dressing room with boots and bottles flying. Hungary beat Brazil 4-2, but in the final, meeting an uninspired but solid West German side, she lost 2-3 even though taking the lead six minutes after the start.

The parallels are uncanny. Here, Holland met the Germans in the final, too. And here, too, she took an early lead but lost. As in 1954, West Germany had made only patchy, stumbling progress to the final. Above all, Holland, like Hungary, had beaten a violent, savagely disappointed Brazil.

The Holland-Brazil game at Dortmund—in effect a semifinal because the other two teams in their second-round group, East Germany and Argentina, were out of the running—was the saddest spectacle in the whole tournament. With her magnificent soccer history, with more World Cups won than any other nation, Brazil commanded respect and affection in the early stages of the tournament. Even though her attack had proved easily blunted and lacked penetration, her defense had been solid enough to carry her through—until she met the Dutch Whirl. Then, to the dismay of every lover

continued



Cruyff goes empty-handed while German scorers Breitner and Müller salute their Cup.

IBM Reports

Helping save lives of poison victims



Last year over a half million children were poisoned by common household products. Computers help parents, doctors react fast.

One morning last year, a frantic mother in a Southern town called her family doctor. Her two-year-old son had swallowed an unknown amount of laundry detergent. He was nauseous, and suffering from severe stomach cramps.

The physician told the mother to hang on, picked up another phone and dialed the Poison Control center in New Orleans. An attendant at the center typed the detergent's brand name on the keyboard of a video display terminal. Seconds later, a complete report about the detergent's toxic properties flashed across the TV-like screen. The cleanser, said the report, contained chemicals that were irritating but not corrosive to the stomach lining. When swallowed, the ingredients produced vomiting and diarrhea.

"No serious consequences," the doctor was able to assure the distraught mother minutes after she first called. "Just give the boy plenty of fluids and he'll be all right."

The boy who swallowed the detergent is among more than 160,000 poisoning victims who were reported last year to the National Clearinghouse for Poison Control Centers, a part of the Food and Drug Administration.

The Clearinghouse's databank currently contains a vast amount of information on more than 8,000 non-food products that are potentially harmful if swallowed. The records on each product contain a full report of ingredients, toxicity, symptoms, and indicated treatment.

As products change frequently, the information is constantly being updated, and the list of products is steadily expanding. Dr. John Crotty, FDA's deputy director of the poison control program, estimates that the

continued on next page ►



Display terminals provide poison control centers with immediate access to vital information in FDA's central databank.

IBM Reports

► continued from preceding page

databank will eventually grow to as many as 50,000 items.

The Poison Control program is an outgrowth of a 1950 survey which showed that half of all children's accidents resulted from swallowing ordinary household products. Pediatricians reported that they themselves could not possibly keep abreast of toxicity dangers in all the soaps, paints, powders, across-the-counter drugs and other compounds commonly found around the house.

A more effective means of gathering, organizing and exchanging information was urgently needed. The Poison Control center was the answer.

The first center was established in Chicago in 1953 and by 1956, 16 more Poison Control centers had sprung up at other metropolitan hospitals. To avoid duplication of effort and resources, the national Clearinghouse was set up in 1957. Today there are nearly 600 Poison Control center locations across the country. The computerized centers in Boston, Detroit, Kansas City, New Orleans and Seattle are also actively involved in poison prevention programs, along with many other local centers.

These five centers have immediate access to the Clearinghouse data in the FDA's central computer in Washington, D.C. via a teleprocessing network. Local centers maintain manual files containing the same databank information on file cards. When an emergency arises, requiring faster answers than can be achieved with manual files, a phone call to one of the five computer-linked centers brings immediate information via the video display terminal.

"When we know what someone has swallowed," says Dr. Crotty, "the Poison Control centers can usually help, and help fast. These centers are saving lives."

But what if the nature of the substance swallowed by a child or an adult is not known? What if the victim is too young to speak, too upset, or even in a coma? What if there is no product name or product description that permits the doctor to set his search for life-saving information in motion?

Answers to dismaying problems like these are being provided today by another method that also relies heavily on the computer.

A seventeen-year-old girl is rushed unconscious to the emergency room of a Boston hospital, one of four which are part of the Boston Poison Information Center. It is thought that she has swallowed a massive dose of pills, but the substance or substances are not known.



A mass spectrometer linked to a computer analyzes blood samples to identify and measure poisonous substances.

A blood sample is quickly taken, and sped to nearby Massachusetts Institute of Technology where it is put into a centrifuge, the serum drawn off, and injected into a mass spectrometer. As the spectrometer analyzes and measures the chemical substances in the girl's blood, it automatically feeds this data into a computer.

Almost instantaneously, the computer graphs the information received from the spectrometer, compares it with the identification patterns of known poisons and drugs already in its "memory"—and prints out a report.

The findings are positive and accurate. The computer has identified three different compounds swallowed by the girl, and the approximate amounts of each. A rapid phone call to the hospital emergency room enables the attending physician to take the necessary countermeasures.

There are other mass spectrometers in the nation's colleges and universities capable of analyzing blood samples, but M.I.T.'s is the first to be linked to a computer program that identifies poisons in the blood. Its success will surely lead to wider use of this remarkable technique.

Like the poison databank, the blood poison analyzer is an example of the innovative ways in which medical science is using computers for the benefit of people everywhere.

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of soccer, the Brazilians seemed to decide on a deliberate policy of violence as a means of getting to the final. They conceded fouls at the rate of nearly two per minute at one stage. Neeskens was laid out with a brutal fist to the face and later, humiliatingly, Brazil's Luiz Pereira—in previous games a superb defenseman—was ordered off the field. By then Holland had scored two goals and won her way to the final. But just as the Hungarians of 1954 failed to shake off the physical drubbing Brazil had given them, it is possible that the Dutch were still feeling their own Brazilian hattering when they came, four days later, to meet West Germany at Munich.

The Germans, meanwhile, had got to the final by beating the Poles 1-0 in Frankfurt after a cloudburst had turned the pitch into a quagmire on which the game probably should not have been played.

There was time, in the few days' interval before the big Munich game, for the word-slinging to start. The worst of it was begun by a German tabloid called *Bild*. After the Brazil-Holland game, *Bild* said, Cruyff and other Dutch players had held a wild party, with such traditional ingredients as nude girls, swimming pools and champagne. The story was ludicrous. From then on, though, Rinus Michels, the Dutch team manager, refused to speak to the German press, a move that may have been wise, but further heated German passions.

Such labels were of small consequence in the stadium where the harsh continuous roar of the German fans would, seemingly, unnerve any visiting team. But the Dutch appeared oblivious. Arguably, for almost a full minute as the game began, they passed the ball among themselves, changing possession 15 times, refusing the Germans any contact with the ball. Then suddenly, from this lazy gavotte, Cruyff hurt through with the goal gaping in front of him. Despairingly, Uli Hoessens trapped him from behind, and the Dutch star crashed down two feet inside the penalty area.

The penalty area is a marked-out box surrounding the immediate vicinity of the goal. If a defending player commits a foul anywhere else on the field, the opposing side is awarded a free kick but defenders can interpose themselves between ball and goal. A foul in the penalty area is far more serious. The ball is placed on a whined spot just 12 yards from the goal,

and only the goalkeeper faces the kicker. It means an almost-certain goal. Neeskens, designated to take the penalty shot, made it totally certain, hammering it straight in as Sepp Maier, guessing desperately, dived to his right.

Unprecedentedly in a World Cup final, Holland was ahead after a bare minute's play, and the Dutch players thumped each other in delight. It is more than likely, though, that the quick goal was one of the worst things that could have happened to them. The defending champion Brazilians had called the honor of playing in the opening game of the competition "the poisoned gift" because of the supposed psychological disadvantages. But this Dutch goal was the World Cup's true poisoned gift. The Clockwork Orange, the precision play of the Dutch, was only beginning, gently, to be wound up. It should have taken 20 minutes, perhaps, of Whirl tactics to dominate the midfield play and demoralize the Germans before the scoring would begin.

As it was, the Dutch seemed dumbfounded by their success. Almost complacently they allowed the Germans to come back, relaxing their pressure, Johan Cruyff falling back, failing to turn the screw. And the Germans, with their own pride and passion, set up the counterattack, scoring with a matching penalty goal when Wim Jansen tripped Bernd Holzenheim. Then Germany thrust at the Dutch goal with powerful runs from Uli Hoessens and Jurgen Grabowski until the old Bomber himself, Gerd Müller, who at times had looked a little obsolescent in this tournament—a four-engined prop job vulnerable to the new jet fighters—turned lightning sharp to a cross-ball from Rainer Bonhof and hooked it into the net to make the score 2-1. It was Müller's last goal for Germany, possibly. He will retire, he said, after one more game, against Switzerland in the fall.

And so it came to the Dutch bombardment of the second half, the Clockwork Orange run down and no further score, the Cup to West Germany for the second time, and then the rhythmically blaring car horns along Munich's fiesta-lit Leopoldstrasse. "Holland über alles," the Dutch had stenciled on their T-shirts, and back home the post office had hopefully overprinted 100,000 stamps with "Holland—World Champions." Maybe they can be saved for Buenos Aires in 1978. The Dutch would be very welcome there.

END

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The NoNonsense™ Pen

by SHEAFFER

ONE IF ON LAND, TWO IFS ON SEA

Designing a 12-meter is an iffy proposition, and none looks iftier than 'Merliner,' which is ashore having her bottom fixed while her two main rivals resume the America's Cup trials by **JERRY KIRSCHENBAUM**

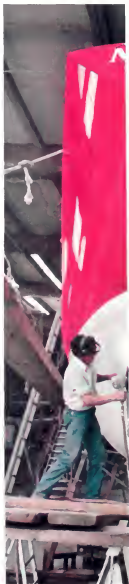


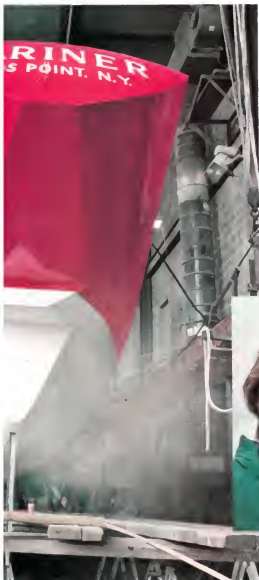
OLIN STEPHENS HAS THE EARLY LEAD

As the America's Cup observation trials began last weekend, only half of the new U.S. aluminum fleet of two was observable off Newport. Present was *Courageous*. Absent with leave was *Mariner*, her hull being hastily rebuilt at a suburban New York shipyard. If *Mariner*'s departure temporarily diminished competition, the question of when she would return—and how much faster she then might be—did nothing to reduce suspense.

There was plenty of that already, for in last month's preliminary trials on the choppy waters of Rhode Island Sound the wondrous wooden antique, *Intrepid*, supposedly made obsolete by 12 meters of the newly permissible metal, fought *Courageous* to a standoff and trounced *Mariner* as convincingly as *Courageous* did. So the battle lines were drawn: aluminum against wood, new against old, designer against designer. Both *Intrepid* and *Courageous* are the brainchildren of Olin J. Stephens II. *Mariner* had sprung from the drawing board of Britton Chance Jr.

To see Stephens shuffling around the





dock one would not have guessed that he had designed all but one of the post-war cup defenders. A quiet, horn-rimmed little gent with a camera slung over his shoulder—"to study the boats' performance," an aide explained—the 66-year-old Stephens could have been just another tourist out sniffing the salt air.

Chance, 34, is a brah and brilliant college dropout whose work includes the swift ocean racers *Ondine* and *Equation*. He has been nipping at Stephens' elk-hides in recent years, admitting, "I want a clear shot at Olus—the crunch, the confrontation." Indubitably he has taken a clear shot with *Mariner*. While *Courageous* is only a refinement of previous designs, Chance gave *Mariner* a radical shape behind the keel, a configuration of abrupt, startling angles. Fittingly, Stephens' creation was painted white, Chance's a fire-engine red.

In his zeal to apply the crunch Chance at first resisted calls for modification of *Mariner*. But it became obvious soon enough that the only rival *Mariner* could outsail was her wood-bottomed trial horse, *Vulcan*, a beaten Stephens-designed leftover from 1970 that also went back to the boatyard for revision. As a result of the modifications, *Vulcan* re-

continued



BRITTON CHANCE HAS HIS "CRUNCH"

turned to Newport for the trials as a semi-serious contender. There was virtually no hope *Mariner* would be ready for the racing this week or next. And if she was not, Chance would be taking her cold into August's final trials, when the U.S. defender will at last be chosen.

It was an unprecedented situation, rebuilding an America's Cup boat at so late a date, but then *Mariner's* bid had been marked by audacity from the start. It was easy to identify *Courageous* with the Old Guard, and this meant not only Olin Stephens but also her skipper, 56-year-old Robert N. Bavier Jr., publisher of *Yachting* magazine and a certified member of the waterborne Establishment. *Mariner*, by contrast, offered the relative youthfulness of Chance and, at the helm, Ted Turner. A 35-year-old Atlantan who numbers among his accouterments two television stations, Robert Edward Turner III is a handsome devil with a style so lusty that the New York Yacht Club did not see fit to make him a member

until a few months after he was appointed skipper of *Mariner* last summer.

While *Mariner* was undergoing minor adjustments one afternoon during the preliminary trials Turner restlessly wandered into an eatery on Newport's waterfront called Mack's Clam Shack. He lunched on steamed and shot some pool, squealing like a schoolboy whenever he sank a shot. Walking back to his boat, he gave a sudden start to see *Courageous* and *Intrepid* heading out to practice.

"I'll be damned," cried Turner, his features tightening in frustration. "Well, if they're going out, so are we." The moment passed and *Mariner* remained in port, but given his boat's woes, Turner was surely entitled to anxiety about being left, as it were, at the dock.

If Turner was edgy, *Courageous's* Bob Bavier could afford to be cool. Bavier is a white-haired figure, tall and capable, with a ruddy face lined in all the nice places and large ears that appear to be holding up his yachting cap. He seldom, if ever, raises his voice. At dockside he contentedly smoked a cigarette and said, "Unless *Mariner* is greatly improved by modification, it's going to be between us and *Intrepid* all the way. And we're going to win."

Before that might happen, however, the New York Yacht Club selectors obviously meant to give every contender ample opportunity to show what it could do. There is no room for rash decisions. Theirs, after all, is an awesome winning streak, a 123-year record of unbroken U.S. success that began when the schooner *America* sailed away from a fleet of 14 British boats in 1851. The spoils of that race—a trophy named after the first winner—has become the target of a succession of wealthy foreigners who recognize that wresting it away would assure them everlasting glory, or something of the sort.

This impulse explains the imminent return to Newport's cobbled Colonial streets of Marcel Bich, the French baron who got lost in the fog in 1970 and vowed *jamais plus*—"never again." It also accounts for the presence of Australia's Alan Bond, whose *Southern Cross* is favored to defeat Bich's four-year-old wooden-hulled *France* for the right to challenge and is given a fair-to-frightening chance of winning the America's Cup itself in September. If successful, Bond plans to defend the cup at his seaside Yanchep Sun City resort in Western Aus-

tralia, using the attendant publicity to peddle vacation homes.

Such commercialism naturally horrifies right-minded Newport, which regards the America's Cup as its promotional tool. "This is an event that brings a lot of people to town," says Maria O'Malley, head of the Chamber of Commerce visitors' bureau. "I like to call the armada of spectator boats at the races our very own version of Dunkirk."

When necessary, the old seaport does know how to compensate for lost attractions. The Newport Jazz Festival has been transplanted to New York, yet visitors flock in growing numbers to the mansions of the Gilded Age, that faded time when at least one member of Newport society bathed in the sea wearing a monocle and white straw hat. Attendance is up, in particular, at Roseliff, fashioned after Versailles and favored by tourists ever since scenes from *The Great Gatsby* were filmed there. Newport is also surviving the withdrawal from Narragansett Bay of the floating Navy; the Blue Moon strip joint and adjoining pawn shops have given way to a shopping mall. With the sailors gone, the town's only surviving tattoo parlor caters to long-haired youths, including one couple who blew in from Boston to celebrate their second anniversary.

His was a buck, hers a star. "If we're crazy enough to get married, we're crazy enough to get tattooed," shrugged the husband.

But loss of the America's Cup would be hard to take. "I shudder to think of it," says Newport car dealer Mike Bove, who has given the skippers of all four U.S. boats—but significantly, neither the French nor the Aussies—free use of El Caminos. Bove's sentiments are echoed, of course, at the New York Yacht Club, where the pothebilled Victorian trophy is as much a part of the furnishings as the whirring fans and red-leather couches. Financed by large syndicates, the U.S. defense effort has an institutional flavor in contrast with the one-man crusades waged by such foreign moneybags as Bond and Bich.

Given its faceless nature, the defense has a well-nigh perfect candidate for hero in the shy, painfully reticent Olin Stephens. An erudite man, Stephens is more at ease at the drawing room than in the drawing room. His office at the Manhattan firm of Sparkman & Stephens has exposed pipes, linoleum floors and bare



SWINGING *Intrepid* Skipper Gerry Driscoll opened strong with the old wooden wonder.

radiators, and Stephens invariably reports to work in a dark suit and bow tie. His administrative assistant is his 88-year-old father. To suggestions that his office is musty, Stephens replies, "I don't want a fancy place. That's just putting on the dog."

For Stephens this amounts to a speech. After the launching of *Cowageous* this spring, *The New York Times* was reduced to printing this exchange.

Reporter: How do you feel seeing one of your Twelves launched?

Stephens: Great.

Certainly Stephens is more guarded than Bert Chance. In the days before their boats first tangled off Newport, Stephens relaxed over a biography of Frederick II, the 13th-century Holy Roman Emperor, while Chance could be found astride *Morrier's* bow, admiring the lines in a *Phigley* centerfold. The son of a yachting Main Line Philadelphia family—his father won a sailing gold medal in the 1952 Olympics—Chance seldom criticizes Stephens directly. But he tends to credit the older man's successes to "the bright young assistants Olin has hired." And his irreverence goes to bedrock when he insists, "My office is dingier than Olin's." He may be right, too. Chance & Co. is in the Long Island yachting center of Oyster Bay, above a Goodyear tire dealer.

Stephens is the original designer of three of the four boats in the current trials, yet is hounded by Chance at every turn. For example, *Intrepid* was hailed as a superbout in the 1967 defense only to be turned over to Chance for alterations in 1970 after Stephens began work on *Volant*. "I was disappointed to see *Intrepid* modified," Stephens says with a proprietary air that, for him, borders on fierce. "She'd been successful and was a yardstick of our progress in 12-meter design. With her lines changed, we lost our bench mark."

Stephens had even more cause to fret when *Intrepid* trounced *Volant* in the '70 trials. Characteristically, Chance promotes the notion that he upstaged the old master. "Sure it was a triumph," he says. "I took an older boat and improved her."

Stephens emphatically disagrees. In his view, Chance slowed down *Intrepid*, but the older sloop won anyway in '70 because, by Stephens' own admission, *Volant* was not up to snuff. Given another crack at *Intrepid*, which must be suffering from schizophrenia by now, Stephens

has all but restored her to her 1967 lines. To confuse matters further, *Volant* landed in the *Morrier* syndicate, and Chance wound up altering another Stephens creation. Talk about schizophrenia, the latest revisions have put *Volant* back approximately to her 1970 Stephens configuration. So the early superiority of *Cowageous* and *Intrepid* plus the restoration of *Volant* put Stephens a long way up on Chance at the moment.

For Olin Stephens to get anywhere with *Cowageous*, however, it was necessary to survive some rough going. For a few days last winter fund-raising troubles brought construction to a halt. A reorganization got things rolling again, but not before business commitments forced Bill Facker, winning helmsman on *Intrepid* in 1970, to withdraw as skipper. He was succeeded by Bob Bavier, who is no stranger to last-minute calls. In 1964 *Controlarm* had been floundering when Bavier was put in command. The Stephens-designed sloop won the trials and defended the cup by taking four straight races from Britain's *Sovereign*.

It was with equal dispatch that Bavier showed up at last month's New York Yacht Club regatta on Long Island Sound and guided *Cowageous* to two straight wins over *Morrier* in the informal competitive debuts of both boats. Then the *Cowageous* crew settled comfortably into Hamersmith Farm, the Hugh D. Auchincloss Newport estate and sometime childhood home of Jacqueline Onassis. It is a splendid place, surrounded by sloping lawns and set on high bluffs overlooking the bay, and Bavier seemed slightly embarrassed to be there.

"We're not spoiled rich boys up here to enjoy the summer," Bavier said as he left Hamersmith one morning bound for the docks. Behind the wheel of his courtesy-of-Mike-Bove El Camino, he spoke feelingly of the America's Cup. "It's a fantastic sports event," he said. "More time, money and talent go into it than any other sailing race. And the fact that the cup has never been lost gives it excitement. It also creates responsibilities. Nobody wants to be the first to lose it. We're here to do a job."

The mission thus described allows for no complacency. Even after *Morrier* was vanquished on Long Island Sound, Olin Stephens proposed moving *Cowageous'* mast eight inches aft. Bavier, playing the devil's advocate, said, "We looked pre-

continued

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ty good on the Sound, Olin. You really want to do this?"

"You bet I do," snapped the designer. The mast was moved.

Murver's organizers at least were spared major financing problems. They assigned ownership of their boat to the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy—hence the name *Murver*—in an arrangement that presumably makes contributions tax-deductible. *Courageous'* backers had loftily rejected a similar scheme as "inappropriate." It seemed somehow fitting that *Murver's* crew was staying in Newport at Salve Regina College, which was also playing host to a retreat for 400 disciples of Swami Satadhanandaji Maharaj. But the sailors and the yogis never met. The guru's followers kept to themselves, observing silence and seeking bliss through meditation.

The men of *Murver* were meditative, too, none more deeply than Ted Turner. *Murver's* skipper is one of the ablest sailors on the sea, but between his cleft chin and mustache is a mouth that never

stops. Aboard his own boats, Turner exhorts his crews, quotes from Vergil and endlessly punts the air blue. He has compiled a brilliant ocean-racing record and has twice been named U.S. yachtsman of the year.

Turner is just as vocal on land. He theorizes that the reason the New York Yacht Club was long content without his company was that he once called club members stuffy old codgers. He says it was an unavoidable indiscretion, explaining, "I was crooked at the time." Adopting a more diplomatic policy in Newport, Turner proclaimed, "I say only nice things about people now." Accordingly, he has staunchly refused to criticize Brit Chance in public.

"We're not looking for people to blame," Turner says. "We're trying to solve problems."

There were enough of those. Complaining that *Murver's* aluminum wheel was slippery when wet, Turner ordered a custom-made rawhide cover, an \$80 extravagance that annoyed George Hin-

man—especially since Hinman, the *Murver* syndicate manager and 1974 skipper of *Valour*, had no such cover on his wheel.

Then there was Brit Chance's reluctance to accept defeat. As customary in the creation of most U.S. Twelves, Chance had tested five-foot models—at some \$1,200 a day—in the tanks at Stevens Institute in Hoboken, N.J. He was satisfied with the results. "Testing is controlled," he insisted. "In general, I'd take test results over race results." When syndicate members grumbled that the boat was a flop, Chance sulked. "God, Brit, we're grown men," Hinman pleaded at one point. "Can't we even say what we think?"

Of the several embarrassments that finally sent Chance back to the drawing board, the worst came one crisp, metallic-skied afternoon during the June trials in a race against *Courageous*. The margin was so great—nearly 10 minutes over a 21.7-mile course—that even the Goodyear blimp hovering overhead

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might have had trouble keeping both yachts in view at once. Afterward a glum Brit Chance was observing silence, like the followers of Swami Satchidanandaji.

By contrast, *Intrepid's* supporters were as vocal as Chance was silent. The West Coast interests that had resurrected her have a "people's" campaign going. Into this most dignified of sporting classics, an event that flourishes without TV revenues or paid admission and nary a single STP sticker on any hull—they have injected a touch of pizzazz, including the unheard-of step of advertising for donations in boating magazines.

Intrepid went into the sea off San Diego in February, giving her a two-month head start in crew preparation over her aluminum rivals. This was an apparent factor in one of her two preliminary-trial wins over *Courageous*, whose crew required an agonizing four minutes to get the spinnaker down after rounding a mark. The crew gap will likely narrow in time, but Skipper Gerry Driscoll's old campaigner had also proved quickest to

windward of the four U.S. Twelves.

"New designs are assumed to be faster in auto racing or boats, but it doesn't always work out that way, does it?" Driscoll said wickedly. Driscoll, a baldish San Diego boatbuilder, has twice triumphed in Congressional Cup match racing and once was world champion in Star boats. He added, "We're fast—just as fast as *Courageous*."

Next to those pretty young aluminum beauties, *Intrepid* was a weight-conscious dowager. Aluminum has the advantage of being lighter than wood, and *Intrepid* was being dry-sailed—hoisted out each evening so as not to absorb more water and become still heavier. It also helped that her mast was made of titanium, a weight-saving metal banned on new Twelves. Meanwhile, with the "people's" campaign still \$178,000 shy of its \$750,000 goal, Eustace (Sunny) Vynne Jr. was forever running to the phone to drum up contributions. Vynne is syndicate manager on behalf of the Seattle Sailing Foundation, the boat's owner,

and after one strong *Intrepid* showing he taped a just-by-just account that was played at a fund-raising dinner the same night at the Tacoma Yacht Club. The next day, Vynne happily reported, "They raised \$1,200."

And so, for now anyway, it was *Intrepid* against *Courageous*, the one seeking to defend the America's Cup on an unprecedented third time, the other out to prove that Reynolds is good for something other than flip-top cans. In the water, too, was *Falson*, with *Mariner* soon to follow—and George Hinman's syndicate playing catch-up.

"The important thing is that the America's Cup is defended," he said one afternoon. "Who defends it really doesn't matter." But Hinman is loyal to the truth as well as the cup. Lowering his voice, he added, "I'll probably be shot for saying it, but do you know what I'd do if I had all the money in the world to put into one boat? There was yearning in his eyes. "I'd build *Intrepid* in aluminum." **END**



A NICE PLACE TO VISIT

At the Cardinals, Lou Brock would hate to tarry at first base for any length of time. For the master thief of the majors—a man running at Maury Wills' base-stealing record—it is but a spot from which to torment pitchers before he flies off to a place he prefers, one closer to home.

by MARK MULVOY

There is, says the poised-to-dash ballplayer at right, only one sure way to keep him from doing the thing at which he is the best in the world: "Don't let me reach first base." As grim pitchers and grimmer catchers know all too well, once Lou Brock of the St. Louis Cardinals does get on—by way of a single, a base on balls, an error, being hit by a pitch or, as happened in one game, catcher's interference, he isn't choosy—he will either steal second or drive the battery bananas with his antics around first. At 35, the Cardinal leftfielder might seem somewhat old for such mischief, but 1974 is vintage Brock. So far he has stolen 56 bases in 64 attempts, which puts him some 22 games ahead of the pace of Maury Wills of the Los Angeles Dodgers in 1962, the year he established one of baseball's most impressive records by stealing 104 times, breaking the old mark by eight. Brock's feats on the base paths, plus his .307 batting average, are a major reason why the Cardinals are in the thick of the race in their division.

Brock's antipathy toward first base might be traced to the fact that it is the only one he cannot steal. "First base is nowhere," he says. "And most times it is useless to stay there. On the other hand, second base is probably the safest place on the field. When I steal second, I practically eliminate the double play, and I can score on almost any ball hit past the infield. Third? The ball club doesn't want me to steal third unless the situation is critical." (This alone may prevent Brock from breaking Wills' record, Wills stole third 16 times in 1962.)

So far Brock has stolen second 53 times in 60 attempts and third three times in four attempts. In addition: 1) Brock has scored a run after 29 of his 56 steals, 2) he has stolen 28 bases on the road, 3) he has gone 37 for 43 against right-handed pitchers and a superb 19 for 21 against left-handers, who have the advantage of staring straight at him as he leads off first, 4) on 11 occasions he stole two bases against the same pitcher in the same game, and 5) he has stolen a perfect 18 for 18 on base paths with artificial turf and dirt sliding pits. "I get better starting traction on turf than dirt," he explains.

On a recent morning Brock sat on a bench in the right-field corner of San Francisco's Candlestick Park. "Hey, Brock," yelled St. Louis pitcher Bob Gibson, "do some work like the rest of us." Brock grinned. "What do you think I'm doing now?" he shouted. Brock was looking not at Gibson but at the Giant pitchers throwing batting practice. "My academics," he explained.

Brock studies well. Doug Konecny, a rookie pitcher who started the season with the Houston Astros, says he was amazed that Brock had the gall to steal second on the very first pitch he made to the next hitter in the St. Louis lineup, Second Baseman Ted Sizemore. "I figured Brock would at least wait to see my pickoff motion and my delivery a few times," Konecny says. "I saw them both during batting practice," says Brock. Another rookie pitcher, Dave Fries-

continued





Stealing second against the Cubs, Brock hits the dirt in a typical late, finely controlled slide . . .

drifts in with time to spare to beat the lunging tag applied by Second Baseman Dave Rosello .

. . . and stands above the sprawling Rosello with nonchalant grace as Umpire Ed Sudol gives safe sign.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GARY KILGROVER







leben of the San Diego Padres, received the same disdainful treatment. On Freisleben's second pitch in his first appearance against St. Louis, Brock hit a sharp single. On Freisleben's third pitch Brock stole second base. He also stole second later in the same game against Freisleben and then—to keep the rookie thinking—stole two bases against him in their next meeting, both in the same inning.

Like most expert base thieves, Brock says he steals on the pitcher, not the catcher. But this is not to suggest he ignores the catcher. "For years Jerry Grote of the Mets presented me with a lot of problems," Brock says. "Grote's quick out of the box, has a powerful arm and always seemed to have a sixth sense about my stealing. He would have the ball waiting for me at second base long before I got there." Consequently Brock rarely tried to steal against the Mets when Grote was behind the plate. "Then one day Grote walked past me before a game and I said hello to him," Brock continues. "Well, Grote didn't hear me or he was ignoring me, I didn't know which. So I said hello a second time. Again he either didn't hear me or he was ignoring me. So I screamed at him, 'Hello Grote!' That bothered him, and he was upset when I came to bat. I got on and began screaming again, 'Grote! Grote! Grote!' He wanted me to go, of course. So I went. And I finally beat him. Since that day I've run at about a 90% efficiency against him."

The pitchers? "The most important thing about base stealing is not the stealing of the base," Brock says, "but disturbing the pitcher's concentration. If I can do that, then the hitter will get a better pitch to swing at and I will get a better chance to steal." Brock has fine rapport with Ted Sizemore, who normally hits behind him. Sizemore was at bat during 32 of Brock's first 40 steals. "We're a unit," says Brock, "just as much as the pitcher and the catcher are a team. What bothers me is that Teddy might swing and miss on purpose so often to distract the catcher that he could get into the habit of swinging and missing."

When Brock is at first he does not look to the Cardinal coaches for signs. "I don't have time," he says. "I'm involved with my own strategy. I run the bases the way I hit. I try to tap in on the pitcher's thinking to be aware of how he is setting up the hitter—whether the situation calls for a strike, for example, or a curveball in the dirt."

"Establishing an association with first base is essential," he says. "You can't watch the pitcher and keep looking back to the base. You never beat a pitcher by guessing where you are. This is a precise business, with no place for error." On artificial infields Brock sets the base-path edge of the rug as the point of his maximum lead. On natural infields he kicks an indentation with his spikes before the game and uses that as a marker. So he knows what he needs to know. And then he goes about establishing variations on his theme. "I have a decided advantage over the pitcher," Brock says, "because I can change my stealing technique, but a pitcher's motion is mechanical. He cannot alter it without risking injury to his arm. By using varying lengths and styles of leads and takeoffs, I minimize detection of my plans." At times Brock stands four or five steps off the base and rests

his hands against his knees. At times he takes the same lead but puts his hands on his hips. Occasionally he fakes a take-off for second. Sometimes he stands motionless on the base path, trying to lure the pitcher into a false sense of security. And he might stand oh-so-casually on the base itself. "All this time," he says, "I'm getting ready to make my move."

Pitchers have moves of their own, of course, and Brock has classified them. "All pitchers fall into four broad categories," he says. "The anatomy of their bodies dictates what moves they have to make. I rate moves as fast, quick, moderate and slow. Believe it or not, you can be slow and quick. Add their tendencies to that, and, well, that's pretty much all there is to know."

That's all? "It has been years of practice and torture for me," Brock says. "I know now what I can do and what I can't do. As a young runner I used to gamble a lot. Now I go with my bread and butter. Through the years I've made adjustments, and so have the pitchers. After readjusting, some have stopped me cold. But I'm not stupid. I change."

There are, says Brock, several pitchers he cannot run against. "A few don't let me get on base," he says, "so I never can steal against them. Then there are enigmas like Jim Barr of the Giants and Don Gullett of the Reds. I can't analyze Barr's style and put it back together, so I don't steal on him." Brock says Gullett contains him because he doesn't do the unexpected. "Gullett never throws over to first, but in the back of my mind I always expect him to, so I stay close against him and don't try much." His record against Gullett this year is 0 for 0.

The rule book says the distance between first and second is 90 feet. But that is a false standard. "What it really is," says Brock, "is 13 steps. When I came up with the Cubs in 1961 my manager, Lou Klein, told me that, and I didn't believe him. I was a math major in college, and I was positive he was wrong. But it was 13 steps that day—and it has been 13 steps every day since." When he leaves first Brock moves his left foot over his right—"that's automatic"—and 13 steps later he is sliding into second. "I stay up as long as possible and make my slide as short as possible," he says. "I don't steal the base as much as I take it. To me the word steal contains the element of surprise and I don't surprise anyone when I head for second base. The other clubs would be surprised if I didn't."

Can Brock break Wills' record? Brock has his doubts. He is ahead of Wills' pace, but Wills stole 56 bases in his last 66 games. Then there is the matter of late-season wear and tear. Although he wore special sliding pads, the pain of the pounding kept Wills awake at night. Maury himself muses, "Even though Lou says he doesn't think he'll break the record, I think he's just being coy. He's clever enough to know that might make a pitcher or catcher relax for an instant."

At present Brock ranks No. 5 on the game's list of all-time base stealers, trailing, in order, Ty Cobb, Eddie Collins, Max Carey and Honus Wagner. Through 12 full seasons Brock has averaged 53 stolen bases a year, far more than any modern player. And now, in mid-July, he has already surpassed that figure. Shouldn't he be slowing down instead of speeding up at the age of 35?

"I may be one step slower nowadays," Brock says, "but I think I'm still one step ahead of the crowd." **END**

Brock poses squarely on the bag, as if it is his alone, while Rosello, on his knees, is a picture of frustration.

PEOPLE

by HAROLD PETERSON



• Here's what happens when you let Russians, even Russian chess grand masters, loose in France. Some 18-year-old blonde with *mignon* eyes comes along, and the grand masters get those extremely silly bourgeois looks and forget all about Nice's Chess Olympiad, even though **Michelle Cahillie**, a novice, had been selected *Mrs. Chess*. Back to the boring draws, **Boris Spassky** and **Anatoly Karpov**.

Catfish Hunter of the Oakland Athletics wants to make a commercial. "Not any old commercial," says Catfish. "A dog-food endorsement. Back home in Hertford, N.C. I have 30 beagles and two bird dogs and I buy a ton of dried dog food for them every seven weeks. I don't want any money for the commercial. I'll take it in dog food."

Duffy Daugherty provides an example of why his brief stint as a color man on college football telecasts was kind of pallid. "The action in college football is so fast that sometimes you can't get in a story between plays," Daugherty says. "I was telling one about Bear Bryant dunking his head in a bucket of

water. By the time I finished the story three plays later, Bear would have drowned."

A couple of generations ago, down in Arkansas, a man named **Dave Hawkins** had a problem. Another Dave Hawkins lived up the road a piece, and the least of the trouble was that they were always getting each other's mail. Determined that his children wouldn't have the same problem, Hawkins named one son **Falstaff** and another **Budwiser**. **Budwiser Hawkins** upheld tradition by naming his sons **Falstaff**, **Budwiser**, **Ricardo**, **Ron**, **Rico** and **Jose Cuervo**. A daughter was named, naturally, **Virginia Dare**. Young **Falstaff Hawkins** played last season for the Santa Monica City College basketball team, and his brother **Bud** played at nearby **Pepperdine**.

"Our father thought it would be a good idea for us to stay together," **Falstaff** says. It's an odd case all 'round.

♦ Wimbledon champion **Jimmy Connors** was all alone in London after his future bride, **Chris**

Evett, flew home to the United States following their tennis victories. But writhing through Green Park, **Jimmy** made some new friends and learned a new sport. He happened upon a group of boys playing cricket and, borrowing 7-year-old **Shakel Naum's** bat and pads, took a stab at the game. "Do I use the flat side?" he asked, wielding the bat baseball-style, to the merriment of the boys. After a little technical advice from the small fry, he hit a creditable *er, uh, forehand smash*.

There is a new television program called *Fortunes Fulfilled* in which people's lifelong dreams are supposed to come true, and one of the first honored guests was actor and reformed gambler **Walter Matthau**. When do you suppose **Walter** wanted to do? He hankered to call a horse race at a track. After all those years of compulsively betting on looing naps, **Matthau** wanted to be able to focus on the front end of the field instead of the back end. But he didn't quite make it as an announcer at Santa Anita. In a race that lasted a little over

a minute, he twice lost the field in his binoculars. As **Jim Murray** of the *Los Angeles Times* noted, "There are people in that crowd who still don't know who won the race. One of them is **Walter Matthau**." Rising to his own defense, **Matthau** retorted, "The habits of a lifetime are hard to break. I had my glasses glued to the horse running sixth."

Tommy Heinsohn, coach of the world champion Boston Celtics, has returned from Italy, where he saw some pretty fair players on a scouting tour of industrial teams. **Bill Bradley**, for instance, **Bradley** was playing for a team in Chieti, and naturally enough **Heinsohn** wanted to know why. **Bradley's** Italian career started when he married a German-born girl last year. "He promised his in-laws tickets for the World Cup soccer games," **Heinsohn** explains. "Bill thought it would be easy to get them through Madison Square Garden. It wasn't," **Bradley** then sought tickets through other means. Some Italian ticket types promised him World Cup ducats worth \$2,000, according to them, if he would agree to play a few games for the industrial basketball league. It was an offer **Bradley** couldn't refuse.

A cattle roper all his life, and a sometime participant in rodeos, **Tommy Barris** of Atoka, Okla. used his skill with a lasso to save a co-worker who had been knocked for a loop by a high-voltage power line. An Atoka County road crew of which **Barris** was a member was clearing brush and limbs away from a county road when a falling tree brought down a 7,200-volt line, which fell across the grader. **Lee Roy Tigert** was driving. The shock knocked **Tigert** under the machine, where he could not be reached without touching the electrified grader. Summoned from several miles down the road, **Barris** lassoed **Tigert's** legs and dragged him to safety.





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Change the complex of their game

In his idiom, the new Giant manager must do that for his team

When the voluble, assertive Charlie Fox resigned as manager of the San Francisco Giants last month, he felt compelled to make one last bid for grandeur and described himself as "General Patton without the troops."

There is, in the parlance of the game, "no way" that Wes Westrum, Fox's mild-mannered, malapropian successor, can be likened to the legendary tank commander. But he still does not have the troops. In fact, even "Old Blood 'n Guts" himself might be moved to mourn the casualty rate among the ranks. Westrum now leads into dubious battle.

Of the 15 Giants who can be counted as regular or semiregular players, 13 have suffered debilitating injuries. Among them have been the team leader, Bobby Bonds (pulled rib-cage muscle), its All-Star shortstop, Chris Speier (arm and hand bruises), and 1973 Rookie of the Year Gary Matthews (bruised elbow). Of the five starting pitchers, three have missed assignments because of injuries. Mike Caldwell and Tom Bradley have fallen to conventional, if painful, arm and shoulder maladies, while Ron Bryant contrived to tear open his side in an ill-considered late-evening adventure on a swimming-pool slide during spring training. Add to that his Randy Moffitt, the outstanding relief pitcher who has been sidelined from time to time with a mysterious intestinal disorder that is particularly galling to the gutsy kid brother of Belle Jean King.

Hardly a game runs its course without a Giant crumpling to the AstroTurf clunching some portion of his anatomy. Steve Ontiveros, a promising rookie who



WESTRUM: MALADIES AND MALAPROPS

led the Pacific Coast League in batting last year with a .357 average, has pulled muscles in both legs. The job of the Giants is Ed Goodson, the team's top hitter at .309. He has missed 45 games, first with an injured hip, then a bruised arm followed by a urinary infection and, most recently, a sore back.

Profuse as they may be, injuries are only part of the Giants' problem. The team is not hitting for average or distance, and it is a slim 1½ games out of last place in the National West. San Francisco's players are inexperienced—Westrum's lineup last weekend averaged 23.5 years of age—and hardly anyone is coming out to see them play. Attendance at Candlestick Park is running 80,000 behind 1973, which itself was scarcely a banner year, with only 834,193 paying customers. Last Friday's National League games drew 173,428. The Giants' contribution to that total was 3,329.

The fans cannot be faulted for eschewing a product that has been lustily advertised as "The Young Giants" but has demonstrated neither youthful zip nor any semblance of Bunyanesque stature. Bonds and Matthews were .200 hitters early in the season and Bryant, who won 24 games last year, was useless. He still has won only twice. In 1972 the Giants led the major leagues in home runs: last week they were 23rd.

Fox departed in considerable disarray under a barrage of press and fan criticism that is still being leveled at Giant Owner Horace Stoneham. The approach in usually temperate San Francisco seems to be "turn the rascals out" and let someone else in.

Westrum, who once managed the Mets and was working as a Giant scout when he was named to replace Fox, is assuredly no rascal. He is a courageously pleasant man with a professional manner that belies certain verbal idiosyncrasies. When Speier fell down pursuing a routine ground ball the mishap, in the Westrum idiom, "changed the entire complex of the game." Caldwell's reappearance as a starting pitcher last Saturday after almost a month on the shelf would prove a test, said Westrum, "of whether there are any repercussions in his arm." There were apparently none of whatever Westrum was worried about: Caldwell won his first game since May 19 as his teammates uncharacteristically homed the Phillies for 13 runs.

The Giants are more relaxed under Westrum than they were under the intense Fox. "We laugh some now," says Bonds stoutly, although with his bad ribs he finds laughing almost as painful as his .257 average. "We can turn it around, if we just stop dropping like flies with injuries," adds Speier.

Or, as one San Franciscan insists he heard Westrum say in a radio interview, "Circumstance is the mother of opportunity." Probably.

THE WEEK

by DAN LEVIN

NL WEST The division was the classiest in baseball. Four teams had winning records, Cincinnati leading the way with seven victories in eight games. "By August first, first place," predicted Reliever Pedro Borbon after his 11th save helped Cincy move within eight games of the lead. Indeed everything was coming up rosy for the Reds. Rookie Tom Carroll won his first two major league starts, and Johnny Bench, who had been slumping, slammed two home runs and four doubles

continued

and drove in 10 runs. That brought his RBI total to 60 and prompted another prognosticator, Manager Sparky Anderson, to say, "If he drives in 120, we'll win this thing."

Those were brash statements to be sure, since first-place Los Angeles was hardly collapsing. The Dodgers won five games and Jim Wynn hit his 30th home run to take back the league lead. His clutch helped Andy Messersmith beat the Mets 2-1. It was Messersmith's 10th win and dropped his ERA to 1.96. Over his last 10 starts it has been a paralyzing 0-76.

Houston received strong pitching from Claude Osteen, who defeated the Cubs 4-0 for the 40th shutout of his career, and Tom Griffin, who stopped the Cardinals 4-1. That victory ran Griffin's record to 10-3, one win short of his all-time high.

Atlanta slipped a notch to fourth place, and Buzz Capra, who had won nine straight, lost to the Cubs and was bombed for nine runs in the first inning of his next start.

San Francisco's Gary Matthews hit a home run—at least the third-base umpire, Chris Pelikoudas, thought so. But when Expo Manager Gene Mauch challenged him Pelikoudas admitted he had not seen the flight of the ball. The plate ump then ruled Matthews' hit was foul. Matthews was consoled somewhat when the Giants won 5-4.

San Diego took four of six, but still could not earn any respect. Oan Spillner defeated the Mets 5-4 and appeared on TV afterward. The next day a young fan called and said, "I saw you, and you were pretty nervous." "Yes, but I did my best," said Spillner. "Just the same, you made a fool of yourself," concluded the youngster.

LA 61-26 CIN 52-37 HOUS 46-41
ATL 46-43 SF 42-50 SD 40-52

NL EAST

St. Louis lost seven of eight and its lead over Philadelphia shrank to a stalemate. The Cards scored just 12 runs in those losses, the solitary win being a 10-0 drubbing of Atlanta. That outburst provided a happy end to righthander Bob Forsch's first week in the majors. Five days earlier he had lost 2-1 to the Reds. It all added up to tight pitching by a rookie who obviously is undrained by crowds. Forsch appeared before 94,015 people in the two games.

Philadelphia had a chance to retake the lead if it could pick up a win at San Francisco, but the Phillies flopped 13-3 despite the efforts of Willie Montanez and his wife Maria. Barring in the third inning, Montanez received word that Maria had given birth to a boy. He turned to the umpire and said, "I've got a son now. Watch me go." Montanez delivered four singles.

The Expos were one and six, largely because of a demonstrable lack of clutch hits. Montreal lost two of three to the Giants, al-

though the Expos outfit San Francisco by 96 points (.294 to .198) and had better pitching.

Chicago kept its perfect record at the Astrodome intact by losing twice and running its indoor total to 0-5 for the year. Shortstop Oon Kevenger led off one of the losses with his first home run in two seasons—but it ended up hurting his team. Humiliated Astro Pitcher Oon Wilson danted off the next two batters. Cub Rick Reuschel retaliated, hitting Wilson with a pitch that set off a five-run Houston rally and the Astros won 5-4.

New York split six games and moved within a half game of fourth with help from some unrenowned players. When Tom Seaver's sore buttock forced him from the starting rotation, Bob Apodaca started against Los Angeles and pitched six scoreless innings before Jack Aker came on to save the win. The pitching was backed up by Ted Martinez, who was filling in for injured Shortstop Bud Harellson. Martinez broke a scoreless tie in the seventh inning with a bases-loaded single and made three dazzling plays as New York triumphed 5-2. That victory left the Mets a shade behind Pittsburgh, which lost five games.

ST. L 44-43 PHIL 44-42 MONT 40-44
PITTY 37-46 CHI 37-46 NY 37-46

AL EAST

New York enjoyed its best week of the year with six wins in seven games. The Yanks wound it up by embarrassing the first-place A's 12-6 for their sixth straight victory and the first of the week for Ock Tidrow. The successes moved New York into the fifth place tie with Detroit and only 3½ games behind division-leading Baltimore. The Orioles lost just two of seven games, consecutive ninth-inning defeats by the White Sox that left Manager Earl Weaver fuming. Ejected from one game, Weaver sent a message from the clubhouse to Outfielder Jim Fuller whose error had allowed two unearned runs. "Tell him that he's hurting us out there," Weaver instructed. "He thinks he's great. I either have to accept it or put his rear on the bench."

When Gaylord Perry's win streak was ended by Oakland at 15, his Cleveland teammates seemed more shaken by the loss than he did. The Indians were on a 12-2 streak and leading the division before Perry's defeat, but they promptly lost two of their next three and fell into second.

The erratic Red Sox had seemed to have straightened themselves out, winning three in a row from Texas, but then the Angels took back-to-back routs at Fenway Park by a total score of 19-1. After the second pairing Sox Manager Darrell Johnson muttered, "I didn't like a single thing I saw out there."

Milwaukee was brewing with a 5-2 record,

which moved it into fourth place. George Scott won one game with a ninth-inning home run and Pedro Garcia won a pair with two more.

Oetroit lost five games and power hitter Willie Horton, who was placed on the 15-day disabled list with an injured leg. Said Manager Ralph Houk, "I wouldn't be surprised if that was it for Willie this year."

BALT 47-36 CLEV 48-39 BOS 47-40
MIL 44-42 NY 44-43 DET 44-43

AL WEST

It was a bad week out West. Minnesota won six and lost two, but the division's other teams had a tough time. The Twins defeated Cleveland in two of three, knocking the Indians from the Eastern lead with a 2-1 win. The deciding run scored on an 11th-inning bunt single by Rod Carew, who continued to float high above the rest of the league's hitters with a .382 average. It was Carew's second bunt hit of the game and his 16th of the season.

California ran its losing streak to 11 straight before the Angels gave Oren Gene Autry a reason to make a congratulatory call to new Manager Ock Williams, who had guided the team to 10 of those defeats. "I've waited two weeks for this call," said Williams after the Angels won 7-0. And the next day the Angels won again 12-1.

Oakland maintained its four-game division lead, even while losing three of five. In one of their wins the A's spotted Gaylord Perry's bid for his 16th straight victory. Vida Blue outpitching him 4-3. A Family Night crowd of 47,582 turned out for Perry's appearance, despite Oakland's first July ramstorm in 75 years.

Kansas City had three wins, one of them Steve Busby's 12th victory of the season and sixth complete game in his last seven starts. Another player who was a winner even while the Royals lost was Rightfielder Hal McRae. He drove in his 50th run, equalling his RBI output in all of 1973. And after 85 games he was batting .315 with 11 homers. At this time last year those stats read .168 and two.

Chicago lost four of seven, despite the return of Mr. Smoke. Fastball Pitcher Bart Johnson received that nickname in 1971 when he was a hot reliever. Then came knee problems, an operation and very little pitching last year. The White Sox farmed him out this spring and he threatened to quit. Last week the Tigers, who reached him for just two hits and the Orioles, who were defeated 4-3, wished that he had.

Texas, which came into July in hot contention, seemed about to slip out of sight by the All-Star break. By losing five of seven the Rangers fell 6½ games behind Oakland.

OAK 48-36 KC 43-43 GHI 42-44
TEX 43-47 MINN 41-48 CAL 34-58

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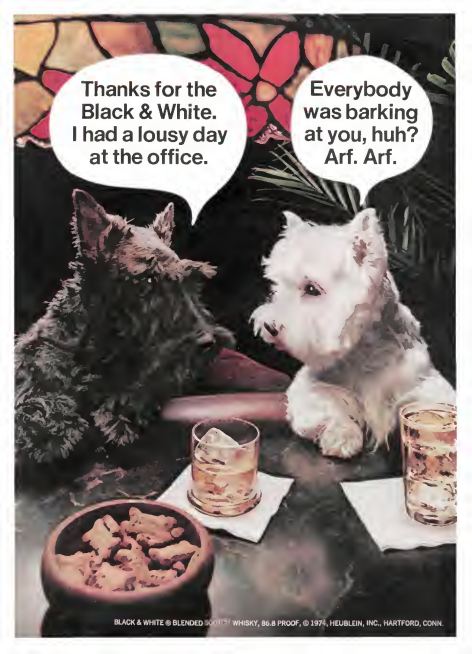
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A black and white photograph of two dogs, a dark shaggy one on the left and a white scruffy one on the right, sitting at a dark table. In front of them are two glasses of whisky with ice cubes on white napkins, and a wooden bowl filled with dog treats. The background features a colorful stained glass window with red, orange, and yellow patterns. The dark dog has a speech bubble above it, and the white dog has a speech bubble above it.

**Thanks for the
Black & White.
I had a lousy day
at the office.**

**Everybody
was barking
at you, huh?
Arf. Arf.**

The weather was pleasant—cool, clear and windless—last Saturday night at Roosevelt Raceway, but Karl-Gustav Holgersson, a 43-year-old Swede of good size and gentle disposition, frowned at the tranquil sky. "I expect a thunderbolt at least," he said. "This is the International. Something *always* happens. Things have been much too peaceful." Shaking his head, the 6' 2½" driver of Lime Rodney lumbered down a long ramp into the paddock barn, leaving the track to a group of young adults preparing their nervous mounts for a parade preceding the richest (\$200,000) trotting race ever. Suddenly a color bearer's horse reared and slammed its rider to the ground. An alarmed track official rushed forward. "I'll call an ambulance," he said to the rider, a fuming female. "Ambulance? No way," she snapped. "Call my horse. I'll ride if I don't kill the damn thing first." Events at the International were fast returning to normal.

Full normalcy came all too quickly when, moments later, the nine horses entered in the International appeared for an early workout. Amyot, one of two French challengers and the horse given the best chance of beating Delmonica Hanover of the United States, ambled easily into the paddock turn, stumbled and pulled up. "A catastrophe," moaned his little driver, Michel-Marcel Gougouen, the younger brother of three-time International winner Jean-Rene. "The right front leg, I think, is broken. How could such an unlucky stroke happen? At only a very slow jog?"

Upstairs in the dining room, Del Miller, one of Delmonica's owners, had just ordered rare prime rib when he heard the news. "Dam," he said. "I hate something like that. Sure, it makes it a lot easier for us. Still I hate it. Can you imagine traveling all that way and having an accident like that happen?"

The injury left the French with Axisus, a powerful animal driven by Gerard Mascle. That pair had lost to Delmonica earlier this year in the \$155,000 Prix d'Amerique at Paris. "But only by a neck," said Mascle. "Ours was the better horse. The American was lucky." Certainly, the French were hoping that was the case since they had never quite forgiven Delmonica for upsetting their beloved Une de Mai in last year's International.

"I am afraid our chance is very slim now," said a sad Jean Raud, the French

An International incident

Victory for the United States' Delmonica Hanover in trotting's richest race was made far easier by the abrupt fall of the French pretender

driver who won the first International with Jamin in 1959. "At this 1½-mile distance, on Roosevelt's short half-mile track, Amyot was the best of the two. It would have made a fine race."

John Chapman, Delmonica Hanover's driver, grinned wryly at that and mentioned that there were still seven other very good horses to beat. The strongest of them appeared to be the second U.S. entrant, Saviour, who last summer had beaten Delmonica in Canada. Unluckily, Saviour had drawn the far-out No. 8 position for the International.

"Tell Chappy not to get nervous," said Miller.

"Tell him I'd only be nervous if I owned the horse. All I've got to lose is my time," answered Chapman.

Chapman decided to begin with caution and hoped that Holgersson would take speedy Lime Rodney into the lead at the start. Holgersson had that in mind, but Lime Rodney broke a few feet beyond the start and Chapman was left reluctantly in front. He drove looking back, hoping someone would bid for the lead. Canadian Bill Wellwood moved Keystone Gary into second and settled back for an easy trap. From far outside Saviour, driven by Jimmy Arthur, came up and parked alongside Delmonica.

"Go ahead," Chapman yelled at Arthur.

"I can't," Arthur yelled back. "Move up and I'll pull in behind you."

Chapman did push ahead, but Keystone Gary went with him, leaving Saviour still on the outside and eventually out of contention. "After that, I had to hold back on Delmonica," said Chapman. "She was rank. I really had to hold her."

Coming out of the last turn Delmonica swung away from the rail and Keystone Gary tried to burst through on the inside, only to see Chapman recover and adeptly close that route to the lead. Undaunted, Wellwood guided the unused

Keystone Gary to the outside between Delmonica and the Italian horse, Dossion, who had moved into contention. But by then it was too late for Keystone Gary, who finished second half a length back. "That Chapman had power steering out there," said Wellwood. "He wasn't opening any doors."

For Delmonica, who won in 2:34½, the victory was worth \$100,000, bringing her 1974 total to \$215,118. "Isn't she beautiful?" said Del Miller. "And I saw the whole race."

Miller's wife Mary Lib explained: "What he means is that he had to stand up to watch the race in Paris and he couldn't see all of it."

"Yeah, the French are great," said Miller. "They give you everything. They gave me dinners, they gave me honors, they gave me medals. But they wouldn't give me a seat for the race. They said it was every man for himself."

Dressing quickly, Mascle, whose Axisus finished fourth, sought out Miller at his table. With him came an interpreter. "In Paris I said you were lucky to win," Mascle said. "But no, now I don't think so. Tonight you were not lucky. There is no way I could beat your horse."

They shook hands and the Frenchman left. As Mascle made his way through the crowd, Miller watched him. "That man has a lot of class," he said.

Far away in the press box, Jean Raud was being cornered by a reporter who asked what had happened to Amyot.

"He broke his leg," Raud said. "He almost fell." To demonstrate Raud jerked his right leg and acted as though he was falling.

"You mean he broke his bridle?"

Raud stared in disbelief. "You should perhaps spend more time in the paddock. Horses do not fall down from broken bridles." It takes one of those frightening International thunderbolts to bring them to their knees. **END**

'It's easier to get hurt than to the top'

So it goes with this brand of motorcycle mayhem, say the drivers—who know. A big wheel in Europe, it drew 45,000 to the U.S. Grand Prix



FINN MIKKOLA IS GRAND PRIX LEADER

The fascination of motocross rests in the numbing din of motorcycles thrashing over terrain unfit for man, beast or astronaut, and in the pugnacity of its sprawling, rapt audience, baked in a happy sauce of yellow dust and grimy sweat. The men on their machines are such athletes, brave and fit, their competition so compelling, that motocross might yet give motorcycle racing a good name in America.

In Europe top motocross drivers already earn superstar salaries and draw huge crowds. And last Sunday in California, where the vision of tomorrow usually seems a little clearer (especially where internal-combustion vehicles are concerned), motocross attracted a Woodstock audience of 45,000 and made it seem Monday Night Motorcycles cannot be far behind.

For the Grand Prix in Carlsbad, Calif., which is midway between San Clemente and Tijuana, all the top riders from 14 nations were on hand—including several young American longshots. The name of the event was the Hang Ten United States Moto-Cross Grand Prix, an unfortunate mouthful that sounds like the illegitimate offspring of a Jerry Lucas memory test and a government agency. The course was much more unforgettable: 1½ miles that could have been designed by a frightened jackrabbit—an alternately dusty and muddy series of jumps, drops, twists, curves and one astounding downhill straightaway.

To survive such a course is an accomplishment; to excel is to be able to balance courage, stamina and technique. The leader in the Grand Prix standings coming into Carlsbad was Heikki Mikkola of Finland, predictably labeled "The Flying Finn" (why must all athletic Finns and Dutchmen always be *flying*?), who had a chance to wrap up his first world championship. To do so he must unseat Roger DeCoster, a Belgian, who has been honored by royalty for winning the last three world titles. Mikkola had built up a 25-point lead over DeCoster, as the defending champ has been bewitched with mechanical problems. In five races he has broken down while leading.

Each motocross is split into two 45-minute heats, and it is a relentless siege. Most riders try to sleep 10 hours a night, eat their meals at precisely the right time

every day and exercise strenuously. Mikkola tuned up for Carlsbad by running 10 miles a day.

The race was the eighth of 11 in the Grand Prix series, which will end next month in Luxembourg. The top riders punish themselves year round, however, to earn incomes that range into hundreds of thousands of dollars. As many as 200,000 fans have attended a single event, and bike manufacturers offer other plump dividends. DeCoster rides in 65 races a year, taking only January off. He speaks four languages and met his wife Laurie, a stunning California blonde, when she modeled at a Phoenix motocross four years ago. A ubiquitous billboard in Belgium pictures the handsome couple—as well as Roger's 500-cc Suzuki racing bike.

While Evel Knievel holds his own esoteric bike records, no American had ever won a world-championship race until last year when Jim Pomeroy of Yakima, Wash. took the Grand Prix in Spain. Says Rolf Tihlin, a Swede and former world champion, who runs a motocross training center in Carlsbad, "There is more to the sport than just turning the throttle. It is only eight years old in America. Within three years, I think you have a world champion."

To help in this pursuit, Tihlin has introduced a new training beverage, something called a "Tihlin Tonic, the drink that's best for rest." This year the American with the best rest is Brad Lackey, a 21-year-old from the Bay Area, who is now riding for the Husavarna team with Mikkola. Lackey has climbed to 10th place in the standings. Nevertheless, Lackey downplays the accomplishment.

"I've been riding for 11 years, racing for six," he says, "but the difference between DeCoster and me is still about 10 years' experience. He's better in every way. If you knew exactly why he's better, you'd just do it the same way, but it's secret stuff that you try to learn by watching. I'll race until I get to be the best or until I can't ride anymore, but let me tell you: in this sport it's easier to get hurt than it is to get to the top."

Injury is what has troubled Mikkola most: His penchant for recklessness leaves his fans gasping, but invariably results in one of three things: a broken bike, a flopped Finn, or a broken bike and a flopped Finn. This year he won seven of the first eight heats, but at West Germany he suffered a back injury, and since

continued



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MOTOCROSS (continued)

then has been ineffectual. Still, he had accumulated enough early points to hold his considerable lead over DeCoster going into Carlstad.

Mikkola's immediate problem was getting through the start with both his fenders in the right place. In motocross the racers line up like sprinters, 40 across, their throttles open. A gate is dropped and it's every man for himself in a berserk dash to the first turn, a wrenching jerk to the left.

At the head of that flailing, jostling pack emerged Gary Semco of the U.S., chunks of dirt and a bunch of charging bikes close behind him. Gerret Wolsink, a graduate of dental school and a Dutch teammate of DeCoster's on Team Suzuki, quickly jumped into the lead and Semco began dropping back. Meanwhile, DeCoster and Mikkola had been jostled to the rear as the first turn and were beginning to edge their way through heavy traffic.

Slowly, DeCoster worked himself into second place, but still trailed Wolsink by 20 seconds with half the race gone. No problem. The dentist would keep an appointment. "Wolsink's job was to do whatever possible to insure that Reger took the lead," Briton Merv Wright, team manager for Suzuki, explained later. "It worked rather well." DeCoster edged into the lead with three laps remaining and held it, Wolsink covering his flank. Mikkola suffered the bad luck of a leaking tire and dropped from third to fourth in the last mile while Brad Lackey, bothered by a nettlesome foot injury, finished fifth. End of round one.

The other moto had the crowd delirious. Wolsink charged ahead from the start with DeCoster and Mikkola in his wake. But DeCoster broke his front hub while riding on rough ground, and to insure finishing an eventual third he put caution's hand on the throttle. With about three miles to go, Wolsink was in front, with Mikkola seven seconds back. The gap kept closing. They raced the final long, treacherous downhill only 10 yards apart and exploded over the finish line in a blur of churning dirt and twisted bikes. Wolsink won by a scant foot, then his bike flipped and he fell into a heap. The dentist had helped DeCoster again.

At day's end, the defending champion was five points closer to Mikkola, but he still had a way to go before making him a tail fin.

END

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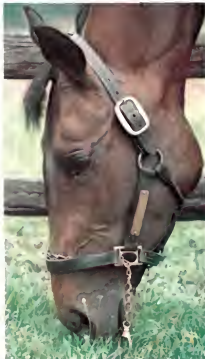
PUERTO RICAN RUMS



The best thoroughbred running on American racetracks is probably an outsized 4-year-old gelding named Forego. People who follow racing only casually may be surprised to learn that horsemen rate such a relatively unknown animal ahead of the 3-year-old star Little Current, who won the Preakness and Belmont so impressively, but in the opinion of the experts there is not much doubt about it. Forego, king of the handicap division, is just about the best horse going.

The key to the handicap division is weight. In their major races, Little Current and his fellow 3-year-olds toiled the same poundage. In the handicap events a top horse like Forego is obliged to carry more weight, sometimes much more, than his rivals. The object of such handicapping is to assign varying weights so that all horses in a field are evenly matched—at least theoretically. A perfect handicap race would end in a massive dead heat.

This concept encourages trainers to enter lightly weighted horses against the formidable Forego, and it stimulates betting, the lifeblood of the sport. Handicapping also makes it difficult for an outstanding horse to perform well consistently, but Forego manages. He has won 10 of his last 14 starts, and was second three times and third once. During one imposing stretch he won six straight handicaps. When he lost by two lengths to a 60-to-1 shot, Arbees Boy, in the Metropolitan mile on Memorial Day, Forego carried 134 pounds to the winner's 112. Kenny Noe, racing secretary and handicapper at New York tracks, follows



BIG HORSE. BIG WINNER. BIG EATER

No need to forego picking him

Put a bundle on his back, for it's
almost sure he'll carry the day

the rule that says each pound of extra weight costs a horse one length at distances of a mile or over. Noe took two pounds off Forego in his next start, the seven-furlong Nassau County Handicap, but the big horse, now under 132 pounds, failed by half a length to catch another long shot, Timeless Moment, who carried only 112. For the Brooklyn Handicap on July 4, Noe dropped Forego down to 129 pounds; and this time he won by three-quarters of a length over Billy Come Lately, at 114, and was 2¼ lengths ahead of Arbees Boy, who had been upped to 116. For this Saturday's Suburban Handicap, Noe increased Forego's weight again, to 131 pounds.

"What the handicapper is trying to do," Noe says, "is be fair to the horse, the trainer and the owner. I live with these people every day all year long and I like to think, despite their complaining, which you get used to, that they are

my friends. You've got to be fair with your friends."

One such friend, trainer Elliott Burch, moaned to Noe before the Nassau County Handicap that the 112 pounds on his horse, Timeless Moment, was too much and that the impost should be no more than 110. When Timeless Moment beat Forego, Noe smiled at the abashed Burch, who said nothing.

"The handicapper must watch his horses closely," says Noe. "I don't go on time as much as I do on looks. I want to see for myself if a horse wins with authority. Is the jock all-out, or is he sitting there all folded up? And you've got to know your trainers and their habits.

continued



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Some train a horse up to a major race, while others race them into condition. Some horses do better on certain tracks. Some prefer grass to dirt. You add it all up, consider the distance of the race and assign weights on the assumption that the track will be fast. If it comes up slop or mud at the last minute, your figures can look pretty bad."

Noe bases his weight allotments on a horse's current form rather than on what he has done in the past. He says the toughest race he ever handicapped was the first running of the Marlboro Cup last September, in which Secretariat and another 3-year-old, Annabette 'Em, took on five older horses, all outstanding handicap stars: Riva Ridge, Cougar II, Kennedy Road, Key to the Mini and Onion, who had upset Secretariat at even weights in the Whitney stakes several weeks earlier.

"No one knew for sure if Secretariat was back in top form," says Noe, who decided for himself that the colt was fit and ready. At that time of year a 3-year-old is rated six pounds lighter than an equivalent 4-year-old, on the assumption that at four a horse is bigger, stronger and faster. Yet Noe gave Secretariat 124 pounds to 127 for Riva Ridge, 126 for Cougar II and 126 for Key to the Mini. Others got lesser weights, including Onion at 116. In effect, the 3-year-old Secretariat was the high weight in the race. "As it turned out," Noe says, "he was in top form. He beat the older horses and won the race in world-record time."

That could have been Secretariat's finest performance, even though his stirring victories in the 3-year-old classics (Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont) are more memorable. The Triple Crown events are horse racing's glamour races, without doubt, but the handicap division is extremely popular with racegoers. One reason is that many of its stars are geldings, who seem to last, if not forever, at least long enough to acquire a following of railbirds who regard them as they might a family pet. Secretariat, a stallion, had too much potential value as a sire to race any longer, and he was retired to stud at three, but the gelded Forego will continue to run as long as he is fit and able.

Kelso, the best gelding of all time, raced until he was nine, won 39 of 63 starts, earned \$1,977,896 and was named

Horse of the Year five times. Half a century ago Exterminator, a gelding who won the Kentucky Derby in 1918, ended an extraordinary eight-year career in which he won exactly half of his 100 races. Joe Jones, who ran until he was 10, was another great favorite, picking up part of the purse in 106 of his 173 starts, and Armed started 81 times. When Native Dancer was the center of attention in the early 1950s, he had two impressive geldings as stablemates, Find and Social Outcast, who started 168 times between them and won 40 races and \$1,470,915. In contrast, the Dancer went to the post only 22 times. Stallions generally have brief competitive careers. Damascus raced only 32 times, Buckpasser 31, Nashua 30. Man o' War and Secretariat had 21 races apiece.

In contrast, too, are the comparative values of, say, a Forego and a Secretariat, who are the same age. Secretariat was syndicated as a stallion for \$6,080,000. If Forego were sold now, even assuming continued soundness as a racer for several years, he most likely would not command one-tenth Secretariat's price—since he has no value at stud.

Male thoroughbreds are gelded primarily because they have not raced or trained well. Some have nasty dispositions; some are so stupid that they can think of nothing but the pretty filly down the shed row; some have soundness problems because they are growing too fast; some, like Kelso, have testicles so large that they interfere with the animal's way of going. Alfred G. Vanderbilt says, "You might say you geld out of despair. It doesn't always improve a horse, but neither will it do his racing ability any harm. Social Outcast won a stakes at two as a colt and was still a colt in 1953 when he ran in both the Wood Memorial and the Derby. But that summer my trainer, Bill Winfrey, thought the horse was cheating a bit—you know, not paying attention, not trying his best—and we gelded him. It obviously worked."

About 85% of today's geldings are altered when they are two years old, although the operation can be performed at any age. MacKenzie Miller, who has been training the 8-year-old Red Reality, says, "This horse was bog and he had a soundness problem, so we had him gelded in the fall of his 2-year-old year. We thought it would lighten him up. It

continued



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**WALKER'S
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That elegant straight-8



did the trick perfectly. He has won more than \$550,000." Fort Marcy, who won 21 of 75 races and \$1,109,791, was gelded before his first race at the age of two. "We thought he was too feisty," recalls Elliott Burch. "That may have come from his sire, Amerigo, who was a bit on the wild side. The fact is, we don't geld enough horses in this country. If we gelded more, we'd have less unsoundness and far fewer bad sires. Just because a horse is well bred doesn't mean you have to send him to stud."

Forego, who is by the Argentinian champion Forti, is stunningly big and impressive to look at. At 16 hands, 3½ inches (5'7½") tall at the withers, he is the largest top horse in training. Dr. Manuel Gilman, the examining veterinarian at New York tracks, says, "They don't come any bigger and run any better. The thing about Forego is that he is perfectly proportioned. He doesn't look so big when you stand off a bit. The size is only apparent when you come up close."

As a 2-year-old Forego was already so big that his ankles kept flaring up. He also had splint trouble. "And he was inclined to be a bit mean," says Sherrill Ward, who trains Forego for Mrs. Martha Gerry, "so I decided to alter him. I never saw an animal respond as well as he did. He is well composed now, but he has retained a lot of fire and fight. You certainly don't want to cross him."

Forego has a lot of company around the racetrack. It is estimated that 60% of the male horses at U.S. tracks are gelded. A recent two-day survey of entries at four tracks showed 272 geldings to 185 entire horses. The figures varied from track to track. At Belmont Park, where many of the leading owner-breeders race, geldings were outnumbered 30 to 67, but at Ohio's River Downs during the same two-day period there were 91 geldings racing and only 20 entire horses.

There are constant arguments about the logic of gelding, which, after all, deprives an outstanding runner like Forego of the chance to make a name for himself at stud. You often hear people say, "Isn't it a pity that horses such as Kelso and Armed and Exterminator were gelded?" Most horsemen, remembering the difficulties such horses had before they were altered, reply, "If they hadn't been gelded, probably nobody would have ever heard of them."

END

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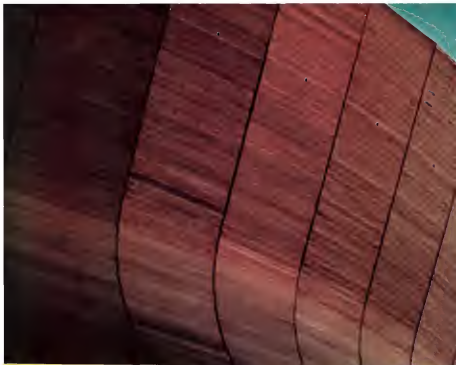
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The Louisiana Purchase

*What hath sport brought? What has the state bought? Rising
in the heart of New Orleans, the Superdome may be
a megastructure in the shape of the future
or a monument to an era that soon might be past*

by J.D. Reed

CONTINUED

W

indowless, temperature and humidity controlled by 9,000 tons of computerized air conditioning, illuminated by total theatrical lighting, hushed by a 9½-acre acoustical-membrane ceiling and 75,000 square yards of carpeting, Starship Superdome begins the countdown to a voyage through years of sports events, spectacles, conventions and entertainment with a capacity of 97,365 passengers.

Sheathed in golden anodized aluminum it looms over the skyline of New Orleans. Its shadow falls on the pastel charm of the French Quarter, and its reflection is visible in the plate glass of the city's high-rise office buildings. You could watch a game in the Houston Astrodome, walk outside for some distance and still be inside the Superdome. Saint Peter's Square and its mighty basilica (except for the lofty dome) would fit inside. And wonders of the ancient world suffer by comparison, too. Although taller, the Great Pyramid of Cheops has a volume of a mere 90,700,000 cubic feet, easy prey in the maw of Superstatistics.

Like a gigantic metal mushroom pushing up through the soil, the Superdome belongs in a futuristic landscape, to a future age of the city and of sport. It may come to represent change, like that first cleated footprint in the lunar dust.

With the right permits, one can sit alone on a Sunday morning in the empty shell of the largest room ever built



ARCHITECT BUSTER CURTIS

No one man could have conceived and planned this building. Computers built it.



ORIGINATOR DAVE DIXON

Imagine Elvis Presley down there on the field. He will look like an ant.

for human use. The only sounds are the cooing of trapped pigeons and the trickle of rainwater on the concrete stands. A single guy rope soars like Jack's beanstalk from an air compressor on the playing field to the center of the ceiling, and in the seats a pile of crayfish shells and an empty beer can testify to recent human occupancy. On a normal construction day, with upwards of 800 workmen in the Dome, it is possible to come into the vast main arena and not see one of them. Sit alone in the Dome, and possibility opens its clenched fist. You don't hear the roar of 80,000 football fans as much as the turmoil of delegations at a political convention or newsreel sound tracks of the Nuremberg rallies.

Sunlight slicing through the still-uncovered crown draws shafts of humidity toward the faraway ceiling in imitation of the weather outside. But this is only a flirtation with the organic. Soon the aluminum shell and polyurethane roof will be complete, the carefully pruned, low-maintenance dead birches will be placed in the lobbies, and sport will move into a spaceship environment of total control.

On a Sunday morning in New Orleans with the tourists and conventioners tucked into their air-conditioned cubicles dreaming of Al Hirt and sloe-gin fizzes it is difficult to imagine that somewhere out there in the wilds of the American Dream some prime loony may want to watch a football game the old way, wrapped in the car blanket in a

brick stadium with a Thanksgiving blizzard blowing in his teeth. He must exist, but he is as rare as the Abominable Snowman. The Superdome and buildings like it are the shape, if not the psyche, of the future.

If you turned Erich (*Chariots of the Gods?*) von Däniken loose in the Dome he would find the spaceship metaphor inescapable because of the building's contours and the dimensions it presents to the mind. He might speculate that Starship Superdome was assembled on Venus and flown here on a fact-finding mission, perhaps landing at the new Dallas-Fort Worth airport to the west and sliding into place in downtown New Orleans. Maybe von Däniken could prove that it was not the ideas of a handful of men that built the Dome; and that the 22 lawsuits and endless financial and political battles in a pugnacious Louisiana are childish myths; and that on the hallowed day the Dome opens—April 1, 1975—the direction will be revealed as having been divine, not human.

Not only does the Superdome resemble a spaceship, the conception of it and the planning resemble a NASA project. The Superdome is built on a foundation of some 4,000 pilings and a framework of ideas, political coups, financial manipulation, design "packages," speculation and faith no less complex. Like NASA, the faceless power of organization seems to have molded the Dome. "Architects have tremendous egos," says Nathaniel (Buster) Curtis, director

continued



ED-GOVERNOR JOHN MCKEITHEN
Let's open the Dome with Billy Graham and the Pope. Put one in each end zone. There's room enough.



EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR BEN LEVY
Go ahead, world. Top this.



MAYOR MOON LANDRIEU
The Dome is an exercise in optimism.

of the stadium's architectural-engineering team, "but no one man could have conceived and planned this building. We picked the best brains in the country and then we used computers to build it."

If there is no single unifying intelligence like a Leonardo behind the Dome, or even the arrogance of an I. M. Pei, whose John Hancock Building sent plate glass snowing down on Boston, the main personalities involved deserve to be commemorated lest they disappear like the faceless artisans of Gothic cathedrals.

Back in 1963 at the LSU-Ole Miss game I went out for a hot dog and missed a touchdown. If I'd had a portable TV, I could have seen it on instant replay. Then I thought, 'Why not a giant TV for a stadium?'

—DAVE DIXON

New Orleans businessman

Former executive director of the Superdome

Thomas Jefferson wanted the Mississippi River free for navigation, so he sent James Monroe to Paris to buy a little land. Monroe hoped to get it for a few million, but Napoleon drove up the price. We finally paid \$11,250,000 for Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and the Dakotas and parts of Louisiana, Oklahoma, Colorado, Kansas, Wyoming, Minnesota and Montana—827,987 square miles. The Superdome cost roughly 15 times as much (\$163 million) and sits on 52 acres. Like the Louisiana Purchase, the Dome was financed by bonds and like the Purchase its cost kept escalating (as more and more facilities and functions were incorporated). But such financial agonies are commonplace in history and must be viewed in context. Who could tell a Pharaoh that he couldn't afford a bigger pyramid? It is the spirit behind the Dome that will endure, not recollections of its price. Just ask Dave Dixon.

Dave Dixon is remembered more for his foray into World Championship Tennis than for being the original mind behind the Superdome. In both ventures his imagination distinguished him. In tennis he popularized the wearing of colors and the holding of competitions in public arenas. Now that the pros are drawing crowds of 10,000 and are nationally televised, Dixon may be partially credited with the sudden tennis boom in America. But his role in the Superdome is even more noteworthy.

Dixon was one of a group of New Orleans fans trying to get a National Football League franchise for the city in the early '60s. He was sponsoring NFL exhibition games, trying to interest the league and thinking, of course, of a stadium to house the franchise. Tulane had made it clear that the Sugar Bowl could not be used permanently by the pros, so something had to be done. "I'd been doodling around with stadium ideas, and even making drawings," says Dixon. "They were grotesque and my cardboard models were silly. I couldn't get the cardboard to form a circle or make a model dome.

"Billy Bidwill, owner of the St. Louis Cardinals, was here

continued

The unfinished stadium glows with possibilities and seems bent to increase the tourist trade.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMYTAGE



for an exhibition game, and I showed him my stuff. Back then a covered stadium was proving to be a disaster for football: they were trying to grow grass in the Astrodome with a glass roof, even though football would tear up the natural turf in no time. But Bidwill knew what 3M and Monsanto were up to. As soon as synthetic turf was a reality, I knew we could have a covered dome. I went a little wild with plans."

Trying to privately finance what Dixon then saw as a 60,000-seat stadium was impossible. Even though the price in 1966 was a mere \$35 million (a "poor man's Superdome"), public money was a must. Eventually Dixon offered his idea for a domed stadium to the mayor of New Orleans, who grandly announced city approval. But it eventually had to be the state of Louisiana that became the magnanimous patron of the Dome. Dixon's private dream thus became public property, but his ideas for the Dome never stopped. Though he gave up his job as executive director in February of 1972 having become weary of the hassle, his concepts are retained in the building today.

Giant-screen TV is Dixon's favorite creation and has many ramifications. The Superdome will house a 75-ton gondola rising from field level to the top of the 273-foot ceiling. The gondola will be faced with six TV screens, 22 feet by 26 feet, made in Switzerland. Although giant-screen television is in use in the Capital Centre Auditorium in Maryland, nothing on the scale of the Dome's TV system ever has been attempted.

"Not only will you get instant replay at sports events," says Dixon, "but simulcasts of live events, cable hookups, closed-circuit fights, film premieres. And imagine 97,000 American Medical Association members watching a heart operation!" Dixon feels that simulcasts of popular football games like LSU-Ole Miss, played in Baton Rouge, could fill the Dome in New Orleans. Television makes the size of the Superdome possible. "Imagine Elvis Presley," says Dixon. "He's performing down there on the field. Now a guy in the top row of seats is 16 stories above him. Presley will look like an ant. But with the TV, the excellent acoustics and full theatrical lighting, 97,000 people can enjoy such an entertainment. The viewer will have the best of both worlds: all the physical and emotional excitement of being there and the best seat in the house."

If Presley is going to look like an ant, so will Archie Manning of the Saints. When the transistor craze hit America, fans would sit in the bleachers at Yankee Stadium with radios pressed to their ears, listening to the play-by-play while watching the game. Now they will be able to do the same with television. The roar of the crowd, the smell of polystyrene and instant replay.

For years sociologists have been poor-mouthing television, noting that it separates people. Americans don't gather socially anymore because they are in apartments and detached houses watching TV. But, for the present at least, man still controls technology, and now tens of thousands can gather in one room on a Sunday afternoon. To watch television.

The Dome Commission also plans to screen West Coast pro football games after at-home Saints games. "It'll be a

traffic diversion," says Dixon. "Some fans are going to stay to see the Rams or Raiders, and the traffic flow will be staggered. Also, it's a few more hot dogs to sell and a few more advertisements on the giant TV."

Baseball and the Superdome have had a strange relationship, one which runs more to heavy petting than wedding bells, and this has been true from the beginning, for Dixon could never quite see baseball in the Dome. "Baseball doesn't give you a good return on your investment dollar," he says. "Why tie up the most modern facility in the world on something like that? Sure, a few games. Pay the teams as you would any nonsporting attraction instead of having them rent the Dome for a whole season." The present Superdome Commission, however, is committed to securing a full baseball franchise, and negotiations with the American League are said to be humming along. The commission believes a full 81-game home season is possible. In its baseball configuration the Dome casts 64,537 and will measure 320 feet down the foul lines, 410 feet in straightaway center. No fly ball will ever hit the roof.

For college basketball Dixon wants two courts in the Dome, one in an end zone and one at the 50-yard line, and eight teams playing simultaneous doubleheaders. "Say, four geographically tight schools—LSU, Tulane, UNO and Xavier. Invite Ole Miss, Mississippi State, Jackson State and Southern Miss and play Friday and Saturday nights, switching opponents."

"I'd end evenings like that with the biggest college entertainment in the country. Bob Dylan, Led Zeppelin or whatever. Some will say this would make a farce of college sports, but teams are for the kids, not for old alums like me." For citywide playoffs, Dixon once proposed eight courts around the sidelines of the Dome, on each court a different-colored ball and officials with differently pitched whistles.

More important is the Dome's scheme for pro basketball, since the National Basketball Association's new franchise, the Jazz, will be playing there in October of 1975. The setup is unique: a section of the stands travels on tracks across the wide Dome floor to make an arena configuration, putting 19,473 fans at courtside. The same arrangement can be used for hockey, rodeos, ice shows, circuses and smaller events.

It is odd to sit in Dixon's elegant home, with its French antiques and rich-looking Chinese screens and hear him discuss his futuristic ideas about sports. Though he is no longer involved, his imagination is as fertile as ever about the Dome: a summer entertainment festival, a Disneyland, a Marine World next door, an all-sports Hall of Fame with wax figures, a Mardi Gras museum, cabarets, Pepsi-generation kids by the hundreds, the Spanish Riding School of Vienna, Iccagapades, Harlem Globetrotters, mini-Mardi Gras parades every day, a space ride on wires across the Dome ceiling. And, if you must, even baseball games on slow afternoons.

I want one just like this, only bigger.

—JOHN J. McKEITHEN

Governor of Louisiana, on the 50-yard line, Houston Astrodome, Jan. 3, 1967

continued

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That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

King, 17 mg. "tar," 1.2 mg. nicotine. Extra Long, 18 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report (Aug. '73)



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**That's why you can taste Lark's smoothness,
pack after pack.**



Texas armadillos invaded Caldwell Parish in northern Louisiana some years ago, like the idea of the Astrodome. Local farmers carry 22s in their pickups and shoot armadillos on sight. They may have wanted to do the same to ex-Governor McKeithen for his fervid backing of the Superdome and its placement in downtown New Orleans.

If the inspiration for the Superdome came from Dave Dixon, the political and financial weight came from John McKeithen during his tenure (1964-72) as a popular governor. "A project that size quickly becomes a political liability," says McKeithen. "I considered abandoning it a number of times, but as the opposition got more vocal, I got more stubborn."

What critics of the Dome, be they rural Baptist farmers from McKeithen's home parish or sophisticated Roman Catholic liberals from the urban South, could not overcome was their governor's enthusiasm for football. He attended every game possible while in the State House, was a dedicated recruiter for LSU and spared no energy or expense to bring the quick and the strong to Baton Rouge. Nor has his interest diminished.

Arriving at McKeithen's home situated amidst 2,000 acres of cotton and soybeans, one finds the governor's son-in-law, Andy Hamilton, a wide receiver for the Kansas City Chiefs, being wooed over the telephone by the Birmingham franchise of the World Football League. The governor, dressed in a jump suit and looking very much like a movie actor playing governor, is on an extension in his den asking questions about options, salary and benefits. (Hamilton eventually turned down the WFL offer.)

McKeithen blames a football game for the loss of his house two years ago. "If the Saints had a better team back then," he explains, "our home might not have burned. We lost everything but our lives. We were watching the game on TV and at the half the score was 40-0. The Saints didn't have a chance. We all went for a nap, and the fire started. If the game had been closer, we'd have spotted the fire earlier, and maybe saved the house."

After being smitten with the stadium idea at the 1967 Super Bowl, McKeithen flew a delegation of Louisiana business leaders and sportswriters to Houston to look at the Astrodome. The governor very much wanted to outdo the Astrodome and at the same time try to learn from it. Since Huey Long, Louisiana politicians have had a tradition of being monument-minded. McKeithen did not want something merely symbolic like St. Louis' arch that commemorates westward expansion after the Louisiana Purchase. "The arch just stands there," he says. "It doesn't do anything." Now a Superdome, that would do something.

At the prompting—bullying—of McKeithen the state issued \$129 million in bonds. McKeithen even called on the Long family and fond memories of it. "I think Huey would have loved the idea," the governor explains. "He liked challenges and imagination. Earl would have done it, too, but he would have put the Dome out in a cane field in the center of the state. Senator Russell [Long] helped by speaking for the Dome, but when it was time to sell the bonds in New York, he said, 'John, don't you think you're making that thing too big?'"

Lots of people did, which is how the Superdome became the first large construction project to be financed totally in the South. Atlanta, for instance, was made over with money from the Northeast banking corridor. In 1966, just as Louisiana was to go looking for Superdome money, the bottom dropped out of the bond market. "We were up in David Rockefeller's office at Chase Manhattan, with Hale Boggs and some of our bankers and Congressmen," McKeithen remembers. "It got hot and heavy and eventually Rockefeller's experts said, 'No!'"

By selling bonds mostly to banks in Louisiana and with help from Texas, North Carolina and Georgia the governor and his men finally collected enough money. "They accused me of twisting the arms of Southern banks," says McKeithen, "but I didn't twist their arms. I twisted their necks!"

The Superdome is a mammoth capital investment. To help fund it a 4% hotel-motel tax was instituted in New Orleans and the surrounding area; this returns about \$2.5 million annually. Along with projected parking revenues, a 5% amusement tax and income from the boost the Dome will give the city economy, the state claims that it can handle the debt service on the bonds. One pro-Dome gusher, "We may be able to pay for it without ever opening the doors."

McKeithen sees the vast capacity of the Dome as having social, democratic and racial benefits: "We sell 50,000 season tickets to the Saints in Tulane Stadium. With the appeal of the Dome, that figure won't go down. With 75,000 seats available for regular-season games [80,100 will be squeezed in for Super Bowls] the average man can see pro football once in a while. Poor people—and let's not kid around, that means mostly blacks—are going to see a game at a price they can afford."

Part of McKeithen and Dave Dixon's rationale for the size of the Dome involved ticket price. As Dixon put it, "Why sell 10,000 tickets to an entertainment event at \$10-\$15 each, when you can sell 75,000 at \$2, park 5,000 more cars, sell more beer and food and programs? The increased size is economically sound and the people get a break."

But the best guess is that the price for the 75,000 seats for Saints games will average out at \$9.50 each. The new NBA franchise should be quick to catch on, and the professional agents and managers of entertainments and other sports will demand high admissions, too. So the capital gains humanitarianism of the Dome is already lost in the inflationary mood of what we pay for leisure.

Now that he is out of office John McKeithen has become more philosophical about the Dome. He used to say, "Let's open the Dome with Billy Graham and the Pope. Put one in each end zone. There's room enough." In religiously divided Louisiana, that statement sounded like a campaign pledge. McKeithen was such an avid backer of the project, critics claimed that he was trying to outdo Huey Long. Huey built the 33-story state capitol building despite public outcry at the cost. After he was assassinated, he was buried on capitol grounds. McKeithen, it is joked, has secretly contracted to be buried at the 50-yard line of the Superdome during an LSU-Ole Miss halftime show.

continued

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25th Anniversary

Superdome continued

In 1940 the Louisiana legislature passed a law forbidding the naming of public edifices for politicians, so the Superdome will never bear McKeithen's name ("I might have liked that," the governor has said). But, no matter, McKeithen pressed for a building far grander than was possible.

"We were in the final planning stages," Moon Landrieu, the mayor of New Orleans, recalls. "I was acting as the temporary head of the Superdome Commission at the time, and we absolutely had to give the architects the go-ahead or we were going to endanger our financing. We were all agreed on what should be in the Dome except for one thing. John McKeithen wanted a 440-yard track in the Dome so it could be used for an Olympics. He insisted, and he is a very stubborn man. Finally I called him up one day and I said, 'Governor, I've got something to show you, and I want your undivided attention.' I'd had a big overlay drawing made of that track and its straightaway and I showed the governor the floor plan for the Dome, and I put that overlay of the track on top of it, and the straightaway is clear out in the street. 'See, governor,' I said. 'It just can't be done.' And he looked at it real hard, and he looked up at me, and he said, 'Moon, you just send those architects back to work. I know you can get it in there somehow.' But the governor never did get that track."

"I doubt if I'll sit in the Superdome very often," John McKeithen was saying, as he talked of the Dome at his rural home. "It's a six-hour drive, and I'm happy up here. I've always got the box." He pointed to a television set. Like Dave Dixon amid his elegant antiques, McKeithen will stay put on Hopon Plantation with his cotton and the armadillos. The two initial forces behind the Superdome no longer seem particularly interested in what it is—or what it represents in our society. Like old pioneers, these men have moved closer to the reactionary past, having worked too long in the visionary future.

Going to the Dome will be a thing in itself, one hell of a reason to have a party.

—OWEN (Pip) BRENNAN

Restaurateur

President-elect

New Orleans Tourist Association

continued

How an audit turned into a plaudit.



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formed by individual employees. It was a tedious task, but the audit disclosed that allocation of premium by trade instead of actual work performed established too high a premium.

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**I SAW THE
HAVER
LITE**

Superdome

With 88 bathrooms, 40 hot-dog stands, 10 elevators and literally miles of carpeted ramps, Starship Superdome is a record breaker. A group of New Orleans physicians will operate a nine-bed clinic in the Dome as a year-round practice. Facing the street, with access from the Dome, will be a bank, a jewelry store, a men's clothing shop and other retail outlets. A wax museum and a health spa are planned.

If bro-support systems and a nuclear fuel supply were added, Starship Superdome could be self-sufficient. A sports fan might never leave the Dome, living on beer, cola, hot dogs and cysters, sleeping on couches in the box suites, visiting the bank and the geriatric specialist at the clinic, going to the health spa for occasional exercise and, of course, watching television. How does *I Love Lucy* look, 22 feet by 26?

The Superdome concessionaire, Ogden Foods, will sink \$6.8 million into the stadium's food and beverage complex. "Our company did the Astrodome," Ogden's Paul Mezzy says, "but this is much bigger than we anticipated. Why, we can't even use a centralized beer system as in other stadiums. Beer can travel only 300 feet without losing head and gaining temperature. The distances in the Dome prohibit this. For a Super Bowl or similar big event we will use about 750 employees. We figure \$1.75 per spectator on food." Please pass the Supermustard.

Ogden will also cater to the swank clubs in the Dome and to the 64 box suites. These suites, which will hold up to 30 people comfortably, will be far different from the opulent, personally decorated penthouses in the new Texas stadium outside Dallas. The Superdome is a state project, and it will lease boxes to individuals and corporations. "We've got 190 offers for the 64 boxes," says Bill Connick, the Dome's executive secretary. "We'll auction the boxes off for an average bid of \$25,000 per year and mandatory season tickets to all teams."

The boxes will be decorated by the state. Says interior designer Theo Terzia, "These are just big party rooms. The decoration will cost about \$35,000 per unit with two possible arrangements, four carpet colors and different upholstery and wallpaper so there will be a good bit of variation." The furniture and other effects were picked as much for

"low-maintenance profile" as for design. "The Stadium Commission will reserve the right to recall the use of the boxes on special occasions," says Connick. "At conventions the trend is toward smaller meeting rooms for caucuses. So the boxes could be very useful."

Their decor will hardly be more dazzling than that of the whole Dome. Corridors, walk ramps, sections and sides of the Dome will be color coordinated. Even elevator buttons, escalators, uniforms and tickets will be color coded. The seats will come in 13 colors, four patterns and five sizes. Terzia claims these will be installed in a random pattern. But when you get to Seat No. 71,987, do you call down for a blue C5 or an orange C3? Inevitably all this color and patterning is not so much to warm the human heart as to please the camera eye. "Even when sections of the stands are empty, for instance, for baseball," Terzia explains, "the seats will look full." So the Dome, by design, is a gigantic television studio. Should blue shirts for gentlemen be required, and pancake makeup be made available in the lounges?

The NASA-like planning seems to have provided for almost everything except those suffering from acrophobia. Walking up ramps to the highest seat will require the fortitude of a stunt man—the top row is 168 vertical feet from the playing surface—and walking back down will require an act of faith. The highest tier of seats is pitched at a breathtaking 34°. This was necessary for the best football viewing. The seats have straight backs and sturdy arms for a "maximum security profile." The television camera may pick up row upon row of white knuckles and pale faces when it scans what in times past would be the bleachers. Such normal activities as holding a Guinness! sign with both hands would be foolhardy. But demonstrations of fervor may be unnecessary with four 90-foot scoreboards ringing the Dome with exploding matrix-lighting side effects. Those who savor the notion of human error will be pleased to hear it was discovered recently that some 2,500 spectators in the Dome—among them guests in the box suites—can see no scoreboard whatsoever. A quarter of a million dollars will be spent to remedy the situation.

The Superdome, like the Astrodome

before it, will be a tourist attraction even if not so much as a game of marbles is played there. Tourism is Louisiana's second largest industry, lagging only behind its port operations, and the Dome Commission knows it can benefit from just the right mixture of sport and convention usage. It is a juggling act that requires grit. Ben Levy, the executive director of the Dome, is at the same time charged with negotiating the Saints' rental contract and planning the 1981 National School Boards meeting. "Sometimes I put on a hard hat and walk out on the 50-yard line and look around," he says. "I tell myself, 'Levy, you'd better run.'" If Ben's job is a challenge, he also sees the Dome as one. "Go ahead, world. Top this," he says defiantly.

One event already contracted for is that famed slice of Americana, Mardi Gras. One krewe (a private social club) of Mardi Gras, Bacchus, which has already "nationalized" its parade with guest kings like Bob Hope and Jim Nabors, plans to end its parade in the Superdome. Blaine Kern, a member of Bacchus and the designer and builder of its spectacular Mardi Gras floats, has wild plans. "We've already started building a life-size model of the Statue of Liberty to be assembled in the Dome during the two weeks of Mardi Gras," he says. "It is made of cloth and paper-mache. And the floats? After they travel through the narrow streets they'll open like peacocks in the Dome."

Mardi Gras is a \$25-million-a-year business and the Dome will add its share of revenue. Present plans call for the Bacchus krewe to draw its floats up in a circle and have its dinner dance on the playing floor with 6,000 invited guests. The public would not be overlooked on this occasion. Tourists could pay a dollar or two to sit in the stands and watch the festivities. With four smaller parties planned in the convention quadrants and shown in simulcast on the giant TV, it should be a fun evening for spectators. It may seem strange to pay a dollar to watch Bob Hope have dinner or to see Jim Nabors dance, but we've been doing it for years with the *Tonight Show*. The Dome makes this screen/magazine syndrome life-size.

Perhaps restaurateur Pip Brennan is right about the Superdome and buildings like it. "Lots of people at the Super Bowl

—continued



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never get to the stadium, and they don't care. At the Kentucky Derby thousands never see the race, or know precisely when it is run. Recently I was with a group in a private box attending a Dallas Cowboy game in Arlington. If you heard the crowd cheer, you'd go over to the window and look out. And if a touchdown was made, you'd say, "Gee, that's nice," but going there was the thing." Like a giant rock concert at which many young people don't even hear a guitar chord struck, being there, being a part of the scene, the mood, the crowd, is the thing. And now Mom and Dad can enjoy the same feeling in a color-coordinated, catered, temperature-controlled sort of way.

The Superdome will be a population-gathering place, like the old French Opera House. But working on it is more like building the Tower of Babel.

—BUSTER CURTIS
Architect
Head of the Superdome design team

The rain of Superfacts never ceases, like precipitation in New Orleans. There is so much rain and, at 9½ acres, the roof of the Superdome is so large, that special buses had to be built in the eaves to catch the water. Otherwise the flow off the Dome roof could flood downtown New Orleans. A network of pipes drains off the water during dry periods.

On a sun-washed afternoon, Buster Curtis strolls through the French Quarter, speaking with love of the old buildings. In his olive poplin suit, circa 1955, and with his private table at venerable Antoine's he hardly seems the man to have designed the Dome, and when he says, "Less is more," the old Bauhaus dictum, while walking among the elegant iron railings and leafy courtyards of the Quarter, it is almost shocking.

"The way you design a megastucture like the Dome is to start from the inside out," says Curtis. "We began with a football field. Baseball was the second consideration and then the convention necessities. The most economical way to enclose this space, after we used computers to design the best maximum viewing for games, was a giant dome."

Perhaps New Orleans is the only city that could truly profit from a Superdome. The respect for the past and the concern for the future are more harmonious there

than in most cities. Where else could you hear an architect, standing in front of the ornate town house of a famed 19th-century chess master, say, "The Dome is round only at night, you know. It is so large and under such a complex of tensions and thrusts that in the heat of the day it bulges out as much as nine inches. We used hinged columns, and the roof can expand and contract." For \$163 million a building should be able to breathe.

They called King Ludwig mad, you know, for building all those elaborate castles. And maybe he was, because he killed himself. But now thousands of tourists come to see the castles. So Bonaparte's rich, and old Ludwig's a hero again.

—MOON LANDRIEU
Mayor of New Orleans

New Orleans boosters claim that the Superdome has revitalized the city, bringing tourist-oriented businesses, new offices and even industry. The city, they say, is finally catching up with such Southern boomtowns as Atlanta, Houston and Nashville. Indeed, 10,000 new motel rooms have been added since the Dome was announced. "Today the pile driver is the heartbeat of New Orleans," says Dome Secretary Bill Connack. "It is a sound you rarely heard before the Dome." The resurgence has come so quickly that the demolition of any building in the city has been forbidden until 1975 unless the new use of the land is specified and approved.

In his high-ceilinged office at City Hall, Mayor Moon Landrieu smokes a cigar that looks richly Cuban and considers the Superdome. He is not as traditional as his office suggests, nor will he remain here forever. Landrieu was considered as a running mate for George McGovern in 1972. He is a political comer, and is not likely to be kept from the Senate or the governorship much longer. In one capacity or another the mayor has sat on the Superdome Commission from the beginning. "The stadium has been a pump-primer for the city," he says. "It is a focal point of our new prosperity."

New Orleans is the first city in history to be revitalized—and irrevocably changed—by professional sport. The Superdome has community implications as complex as a nerve cell. It is not so much that football is a major industry or that

the viewing of it is so lucrative, but that the nature of work and leisure in America is altering. Why the Superdome instead of a factory, a university, a nuclear aircraft carrier or a hospital? Huey Long's Charity Hospital, two blocks from the Dome, was a major accomplishment in the Depression when work was sacred. But the four-day week is ahead. Child-care centers will free women from the household. We have reached zero population growth. Social Security is here to stay. It is not unreasonable, then, that leisure time, and the activity associated with it, will provide our landmarks and monuments of the future. The Superdome, like a time capsule, represents the direction of society. Yet even our kinds of leisure keep changing. Could the Superdome be obsolete almost before it is opened, just as by the time we had that man on the moon we had already turned around to save the earth?

Such a thought does not frighten Moon Landrieu. The mayor sees construction and public use of major projects in a light both harsh and philosophical. "I remember," the mayor says, "the great hue and cry in 1952 when New Orleans built, of all things, a grand railroad station. The critics kept saying, 'Look to the future, the trains are on their way out.' And that was true. But it really didn't matter if trains were dying. What a project like that does for the spiritual life of a community is enormous. It was right to build that train station. In a certain way, it would still be right to build it today. We live in a disposal society. Nobody builds monuments anymore."

"The Superdome is an exercise in optimism. A statement of faith. It is the very building of it that is important, not how much it is used or its economics. Remember the movie *Zorba the Greek*? Zorba gets this whole lazy village building a cable railway, and it makes the place come alive. On opening day, during the big festival celebrating the construction, the railway collapses. So Zorba goes off to find another village. It's doing it that is important."

Mayor Moon Landrieu pauses to take a pensive puff on his cigar. Little more than a block away Starship Superdome sits in silence, eyeing the whole of New Orleans. The big question has not been answered after all. Where did it come from?

END

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The idea of a good product at a reasonable price has taken quite a battering in the last few years. In the eloquent cry of a small grocery store owner, "Nothing's going down."

But one of life's necessities has held out. The remarkable fact is that the price of today's life insurance is less than it was twenty years ago.

The reason primarily is the effectiveness of insurance companies' investments. The success of our investment program means we haven't had to increase the price of life insurance. Rather, we've lowered it.

Simple economics. A comforting reality.

But although the price of life insurance has remained comfortably stable, this has not been true of the price of health insurance. Unfortunately, it has had to rise to cover the constantly rising costs of medical bills.

To help get at this problem, we are supporting specific legislation in Congress that calls for a marriage of the public and private sectors. Such a joint effort would set up nationwide standards and create programs that will exercise some control over medical costs and help cover the crippling bills when sickness does occur.

We feel there are reasons for optimism: The current price of life insurance; and the efforts we're extending in support of health legislation. There is light at the end of the tunnel.

For free booklets giving basic information on life insurance and health insurance, write to the Institute of Life Insurance, Dept. B-3, 277 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

America's 900,000 life and health insurance people. What we're doing makes a difference.



Mix 'em up!



BACARDI rum and SQUIRT

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

VEEP'S VIEWS VIEWED

Sir,

At the time Gerald Ford (*In Defense of the Competitive Urge*, July 8) became Vice-President I knew very little about him. I was convinced he was nothing but a political toy who was chosen for his lack of ability. In recent months Ford has proven himself to me and to millions of other Americans, and now that I have read his article, my respect for him has been elevated to the highest level. Ford is a scrapper who makes a lot of sense.

As many ballplayers are underrated, many politicians are underrated. Vice-President Ford being one of them.

ROBERT G. GUARISELLO

Tenack, N.J.

Sir:

Seeing Vice-President Gerald Ford on your cover was bad enough, but reading his article was worse. He never gets beyond hokey old football stories and archaic philosophy.

The "competitive urge" is an old concept related to what 19th century historians referred to as the "frontier spirit." It can also be regarded simply as the survival of the fittest. Throughout America's history, cut-throat competition has been religiously defended while the minorities, the poor and the weak have suffered. Now we are witnessing the dedication of Vince Lombardi and his dogma that "winning is the only thing." The Soap Box Derby scandal is an example of the attitude of many Americans who rationalize their overzealousness on the basis of "everyone does it." The competitive urge has also wrecked the free-enterprise system by encouraging large monopolies to "win" greater profits by crushing the opposition.

Let us realize that ruthlessness and immorality are directly proportional to America's need to win. Competition in sport is one thing, making a fetish of it is another.

THOMAS E. HILTON

Brooklyn

Sir:

As I understand the Vice-President's message, I am handicapped mentally, morally and spiritually because I did not play football.

BRADLEY C. JUDKINS

Haverhill, Mass.

Sir:

As if this country didn't have enough trouble, you feature the Vice-President on your cover, thus putting the SEVERELY UNDERSTATED on him! What are you trying to do?

GARY NEWSTEAM

Lancaster, Calif.

BIG ON THE SMALLS

Sir:

The issue of July 8 was one of the best ever. My hope is that it wasn't merely the annual token issue to small sports. How nice to see cycling covered in the lead article (*An Ace Came out of the Pack*).

JAY BENZON

New York City

Sir:

Bravo! *SB* has covered one of the few true physical sports in this country. Bicycle racing is the most demanding American sport, although it gets little recognition. Cycling requires the tactics of chess, the stamina of marathon running, the daring of downhill skiing and unequalled dedication.

CLARA CRAMPTON

Sister Bay, Wis.

LOOKING BACK

Sir:

As a member of that "generation of the '30s and World War II," I very much enjoyed Mark Kram's poignant article *Rage of Bright Marbles* (July 8). I am sure that members of every generation pause from time to time in this frantic race we all run to gaze back to a moment of their youth and reflect that there were the best of times. But Kram had to have been there with me and a lot of other "middle-aged" Americans who knew the pure joy of the long hot summer, the endless alleys and vacant lots, the sunrises-to-sunset games and imagination of youth. We were definitely loved, but loved in a way that allowed us to be just kids, not "the future of America in bold letters." Kram is so right. A kid left to his own devices does experience a beautiful aloneness.

RAY M. SMITH

Bloomington, Ill.

Sir:

Mark KRAM asks, "Where have all the butterflies gone?" I can tell him. Consider it an epitaph for our modern American mentality: we yearn for butterflies and at the same time enthusiastically spray poison on caterpillars. The solution is to give the Disney people a contract to develop a programmed, plastic, biodegradable butterfly. Only in Disneyland can we have butterflies without those horrid caterpillars.

SALLY MOOK

Huntington Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Mark Kram's article is a work of art. His style lends a refreshing dimension to sports-writing. Let's have more of the same.

MARK DONALDSON

Seattle

PAST MASTER

Sir:

My hat is off to you for your remarkable article revealing the thoughts and personality of one of my heroes, Arnold Palmer (*Walk Each Rowed, You Are One Day Older*, July 11). His honesty and warmth come through to the reader from the beginning of the article to the end.

Arnie truly loves the game, but he unselfishly shares it with millions of people every time he steps on a course. And now once again he has shared his feeling about golf with us as though we were his close friends. I am most pleased with Arnie's final statement that he "will be around."

PETER HORTON

Montreal

Sir:

What is it with these golfers? They're all ways complaining about age, stress, strain, tension, etc. Funny you never hear George Blanda complaining about age, and he plays a man's sport. You seldom hear any women golfers complain about the physical part of the game—and that is what it is, a game, not a sport. The men on the PGA tour seem to me to be overressed, overpaid and over the hill at 40.

DON PRESTON

Coken Cove, Maine

Sir:

Arnie's interesting article reminded me of an old definition of confidence, the feeling you have before you really understand the situation.

TOM BICKER

Tallahassee, Fla.

CARING FOR WHIT

Sir:

It came as a shock to this not-so-old baseball fan to read in Pat Jordan's *Requiem for a Madman* (July 8) that Whitlow Wyatt achieved his greatest success as a pitcher for the Brooklyn Dodgers when he "faced a war-weakened National League," achieving records of "22-10 in 1941, 19-7 in 1942 and 14-5 in 1943."

Perhaps the major leagues were war-weakened by late 1942, but such was not the case in 1941. Suffice it to say that in 1941 Ted Williams batted .406, Joe DiMaggio hit in 56 straight games and the Dodgers, who won the National League pennant, numbered among their players Pee Wee Reese, Pete Reiser, Kirby Higbe, Dixie Walker, Hugh Casey, Joe Medwick, Fred Fitzsimmons, Mickey Owen, Dolf Camilli and Billy Herman. The New York Yankees, who won the World Series, fielded a lineup that included, besides DiMaggio, Bill Dickey, Joe Gordon,

continued

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For example, Dodge Colts have standard features such as front disc brakes, four-on-the-floor, and an adjustable steering column. Plus

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The '74 Dodge Colt. As you can see, for a little car, it is a lot of car.

Here're just a few of the features standard on Dodge Colts.

- Thrifty four-cylinder engine.
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10TH MOLE *rossband*

Phil Rizzuto, Red Rolfe, Charlie Keller, Tommy Henrich and Red Ruffing. It impugns Wyatt's splendid 1941 record, the best of his career, to attribute it erroneously to "war-weakened" opposition.

GEORGE MONTERO

Woonsocket, R.I.

Sir:

Pat Jordan must know that the "one thing in me that was special to me" is writing, not pitching. If he loses up this time by not cultivating his talent, then he has real reason to be disgusted with himself. Otherwise, he can't miss being the best sportswriter to come along since Ring Lardner. Congratulations on finding and printing the most poetic baseball material I've read in years.

JACK NOBLE

Hollywood, Calif.

HAUNTING PROSE

Sir:

I found Bill Gilbert's article *Haunting the Arctic* (July 8) most interesting. However, for those who might like to read a much more detailed account of the epochal John Franklin Arctic journeys, I would recommend Farley Mowat's *Tandem*, which includes a good part of Franklin's diary and contains diaries and narratives concerning other early Arctic explorations. Mowat is perhaps the best informed and certainly the most profile of those who have written about the frozen north.

HERKIN A. WHITTAKER

Orlando, Fla.

NEW KICK

Sir:

Clive Gammon's article *The Cup that Grigs the World* (July 1) not only told me about World Cup soccer, it got me interested in the game. I now own a soccer ball and practice every day in my backyard.

ANDY O'MARA

Lowell, Ark.

MR. MALONE

Sir:

For years you have attacked shamanism, in both editorial comments and numerous articles. But all the incriminating pictures and thousands of damning words did not have one-tenth the impact of your one simple photograph and 10 straightforward sentences on Moses Malone (*Hello There, Mr. Malone, What's New?* July 1).

MARK EVANS ALEXANDER

Indianapolis

Sir:

I am certainly not one to knock Moses Malone's basketball talents. If all indications are correct, they are considerable indeed. I shall enjoy watching him perform for the University of Maryland this winter.

rossband

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—Indianapolis News



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19TH HOLE *continued*

Too many people, however, seem to be forgetting that Moses is, after all, a human being—an individual to be reckoned with. I only hope that he can withstand the intense pressures from his many "friends" who would eagerly exploit his talents for their own personal gain and have no problem at all forgetting about good ol' Moses, the young man.

Ted KING Jr.

Gaithersburg, Md.

Sir:

For Mr. Malone's sake I am glad he decided to attend Maryland because it is part of the Establishment and the NCAA will not pursue any possible violations against the UCLA of the East, let alone the UCLA of the West.

PATRICK S. GUZMAN

Long Beach, Calif.

Sir:

Come on, SI, turn Ray Kennedy loose to see if there is more behind the events leading to Moses Malone going to Maryland and Lefty Driesell.

DAVID K. BOWELL

Columbus, Ind.

Sir:

What's new in Terrapin Country is some more of that time roundball religion. Lead Lefty got Moses and all of us can conjure to sing "Amen."

HOWARD A. WOLF

Randallstown, Md.

SPIN-OFF

Sir:

Where does it say that NCAA championships ought to be American championships (*Foreign Invasion*, June 24)? An organization that claims to be a national collegiate association ought to embrace all the students of its member schools. I think the "Amnesia for Americans" faction of the NCAA ought to spin off into another group. They could call themselves National Association of United States Indigenous Athletics. NAUSIA.

D. F. CAPORALE

Fountain Valley, Calif.

BAD EGGS (CONT.)

Sir:

It was somewhat surprising to read in Cive Gammon's article (*The Case of the Absent Eggs*, June 24) such statements as "the drive to collect seems somehow primitive," and "there must be a better way to knowledge than stealing eggs." We, as zoologists, do not question the right of hundreds of thousands of your readers to hunt ducks and other game, although hunting may be called "primitive" and there might be better ways to indulge in sports. The collecting of eggs or specimens of the truly threatened species is

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

not to be condoned, but there is a legitimate need for scientific specimens of other species. The proper management of wildlife is partly dependent upon information gained from collecting eggs laboriously secured, labeled, dated and cared for by laymen and scientists provided material that documented the deadly effects of pesticides. Scientific collecting is becoming ever more difficult because of 1) the anti-killing sentiment, 2) the lack of political power by the small number of those who collect, and 3) the inadequate understanding of population biology embodied in many regulations and in their enforcement.

The basic wildlife problem is not collecting but habitat destruction. Given enough habitat to maintain healthy populations, most species can support far more cropping than is done by the few thousand scientific collectors. In one Asian country we have seen signs stating "No Collecting of Butterflies, Birds or Other Animals" posted about virgin forests that a few weeks later had been clear-cut and burned over, the rich topsoil lost in daily rains, the fauna utterly destroyed—this in five- and 10-square-mile swaths. It is of course illegal to collect scientifically in a country such as this or to import specimens from such devastated areas into the U.S. But, for a fee, sportsmen find no difficulty in hunting threatened tigers.

LYSTER L. SORBY
WALTER J. BOCK

Tenafly, N.J.

BAD BEHAVIOR (CONT.)

Sir

Ron Fimrite's article (*Take Me Out to the Bowl Game*, June 17) overlooked what may be the most important factor in fan behavior. It talked about beer, anti-establishment feelings, lack of loyalty on the part of athletes, and the more distant view of players in new stadiums as reasons for the abhorrent actions of some fans. These are factors, but they merely amplify the basic problem.

It seems to me that its core is the code of ethics present in virtually all organized sports. This code allows a baseball player to break up double plays by knocking over the pivot man and a manager to start arguments with umpires to stir up his players. It encourages illegal holding in football and the swinging of elbows while pursuing a rebounding basketball. We describe the perpetrators of these activities with words like colorful, aggressive and hustling.

Every owner wants his team to inspire the fans. It looks like a successful year.

JAMES L. BURNES II

Ononda, N.Y.

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YESTERDAY

We can scarcely remember an event not involving a war or some vast issue in politics which has occasioned so much excitement," the *New York Times* editorialized. "Crowds of persons waited around the newspaper offices last night until long after dark . . . requesting information about the result. . . ."

The sports event that stirred the multitudes in the summer of 1874 was not a heavyweight championship fight, a crucial baseball game or a classic horse race but a college rowing regatta, a three-mile, nine-team race scheduled to take place at Lake Saratoga on July 16, 1874. If it is now difficult to imagine groups of two-fisted men in their favorite saloons debating the merits of Columbia's crew vs. that of Yale or Wesleyan, it might be well to remember that Civil War soldiers frequently wagered consequential sums of money on races between paper sailboats or even pet lice trundling from one edge of a metal plate to the other. We tend to take what action is available, and a century ago rowing was very nearly the all-American sport. There were, after all, many beautiful streams and rivers to be traveled, without interruption by commercial traffic or encountering pollution, and those were the days when many more people participated in sports than watched.

Not that the sports fan was an unknown creature in 1874. He was alive and quite well, and July of that year presented him with a number of interesting events. Although still a new activity, so new that it was hyphenated, base-ball attracted thousands of spectators to Waretown, N.Y., for a tournament involving 14 amateur clubs from the United States and Canada. On July 3 the Maple Leaf team from Guelph, Ont., the eventual winner, beat the Ku Klux Klan club (Klub?) of Oneida by a score of 13-4 (The newspaper accounts of the time did not say whether the Oneida team was handicapped by having to wear its sheets.)

And sports-watching had its hazards, then, as now. On July 4, for example, eight young men were strack by lightning while watching a game of marbles near Rockwood, Tenn., and in Memphis, four days later, the following occurred: "During a game of base-ball in the suburbs last evening, a negro man, who was in the way of Peter Meath, the catcher, was ordered out of the way, to which he re-

In 1874, Crew Was Oarsome

Never mind Ali-Frazier, you should have seen Columbie rowing Yale

sponded with an oath and, drawing a pistol, fired at Meath, who ran to his coat, and getting a pistol, returned the fire. Some half-dozen shoes were fired in the melee that ensued, the negro firing at the other members of the club. Finally he was shot in the back and then beaten terribly." So much, as they say, for the lighter side of the news.

Many "base-ball" fans were also excited about the upcoming European tour of the National Association's Philadelphia Athletics and Boston Red Stockings, which were to be the first professional clubs to play abroad. Meanwhile, league play went on as usual—with one newspaper's accounts of the games being distinguished by a curious, almost compulsive, criticism of the umpiring. On July 10, for instance, it was remarked that "the umpiring was excellent," even though Philadelphia beat the hometown New York Mutuals. On the 15th, following a 9-8 victory by Boston, the officiating was termed "very strict." The next day, as the A's beat Boston, it was deemed "very satisfactory," while on the third, a more detailed critique asserted that "the game was lost to the Philadelphians by a poor decision of the umpire, who in the 6th inning gave Craver out at the plate when it was evident that he got there before the ball."

Receiving less critical attention in the sports pages that month were the antics of Professor Squire, the Utica balloonist who got involved with a church spire at Brockville, Ont. on July 1 and such "decided novelties" as the rare spectacle of a "ladies swimming contest" at Fort Hamilton Beach, N.Y., on the 8th. The first race, for the prize of a gold opera chain, was won by Sophie Stevens under the supervision of Miss Kate Bennett. "herself an expert swimmer and ladies instructress in the free swimming bath, foot of eleventh street."

But the big event for sports fans of July 1874 remained the college regatta, in anticipation of which thousands of persons had elbowed their way into the New York resort town of Saratoga. It was rumored that even President Grant would attend. As the pre-contest ballyhoo swelled to remarkable proportions, sportswriters then, as today, made news of trivia: Cornell's particular handicap ("they are all suffering from diarrhea"); the odds established by the official pool sellers, or bookies (Harvard was favored, with Yale second choice and Wesleyan third); and an alleged threat by Yale's Captain Cook to smash into Harvard's boat rather than finish behind his school's most hated rival.

On the morning of the race thousands of young women decorated the streets of Saratoga by dressing in the colors of their favorite team. ("Backing Brown was a distinct sacrifice," one fashion-wise correspondent remarked.) By midday, more than 25,000 spectators had started for the nearby lake, riding farm wagons, brick carts—"everything with four wheels." So critical was the transportation shortage that upwards of \$50 was paid for a team of horses, and one farmer who had come to town with a load of spinach had to defend his vehicle from capture by using his whip.

Five hours later, when the crowd had settled back in the grandstand and along the shoreline, the College Regatta Committee announced that the race had been postponed because of choppy water. Grumbling, the throngs returned to Saratoga.

The following day the pilgrimage was repeated and the race was again postponed, after official dawdling. It was noted that the spectators were becoming restless and, even worse, uninterested. "The toilettes of the ladies showed a great falling-off of devotion, for very few were dressed in the college colors," the *Times* reported.

But the race finally did take place and drama was plentiful as underdog Columbia flashed across the finish line well ahead of the field, while Yale and Harvard exchanged foul charges. Columbia Captain Frank Rees fainted and had to be carried to the hotel, and police officials reported that pickpockets had had a field day. As, indeed, did spectators and participants, 100 July's ago.

—GEORGE GIFF

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